MARVEL
THE UNCANNY
X-MEN
TM
© 1989 MARVEL ENT. GROUP, INC.
$1.00 US
$1.25 CAN
253
LATE NOV
02461
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
FEATURING...
MAGNETO'S JOURNEY TO MUIR ISLAND!
...AND BANSHEE'S RESCUE OF LORNA DANE!
...THE RETURN OF FORGE!
...THE ESCAPE OF JUBILEE AND WOLVERINE!
SILVESTRI
GREEN
0 71486 02461 3

THE LOCAL TV ANCHOR LED OFF THE EVENING NEWS WITH A JOKE ABOUT HOW THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE WAY THE WORLD LOOKED TO NOAH. OR RATHER, THE FOLKS HE LEFT BEHIND.

THEY WERE HALF-CONVINCED HE WAS RIGHT.

DOWN ON THE MORTON STREET LEVÉE, NOBODY LAUGHED.

THEY'D ALREADY SEEN TWO DIKES OVERWHELMED BY THE RISING, RAGING **MISSISSIPPI**, AND WERE DESPERATELY AFRAID THEY WERE GOING TO LOSE THE THIRD. AND IF THEY DID, THEY'D LOSE THE CITY AS WELL.

A ***STAN LEE*** PRESENTATION-- STARRING THE UNCANNY ***X-MEN***

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER

MARC SILVESTRI & STEVE LEIALOHA ARTISTS

TOM ORZECHOWSKI LETTERER

GLYNIS OLIVER COLORIST

BOB HARRAS EDITOR

TOM DeFALCO BOSS

IN ALL MY BORN DAYS, ZEB...

... AIN'T ***NEVER*** SEEN A ***STORM*** LIKE THIS'N!

JOE-- LOOK-- UP ONNA ***LEVÉE!***

WHAT THE DEVIL--?!?

STORM WARNINGS!

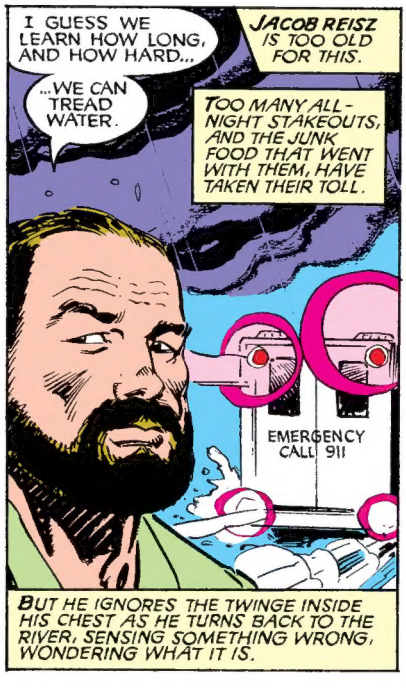
THE UNCANNY X-MEN® Vol. 1, No. 253, Late November, 1989. (ISSN# 0274-5372) Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly except fortnightly June, July, and August. Copyright © 1989 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.00 per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. Subscription rate $12.00 for 12 issues. Canada and foreign, $14.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE UNCANNY X-MEN (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof), are trademarks of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.**

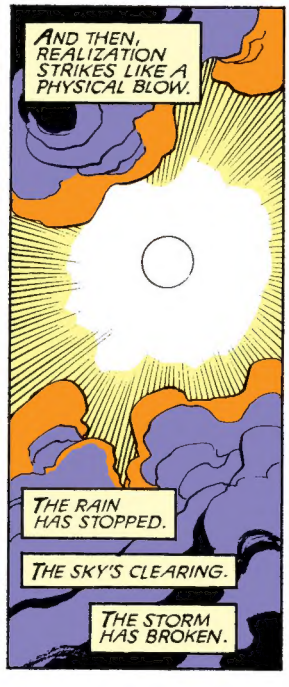
SKARA
BOOM

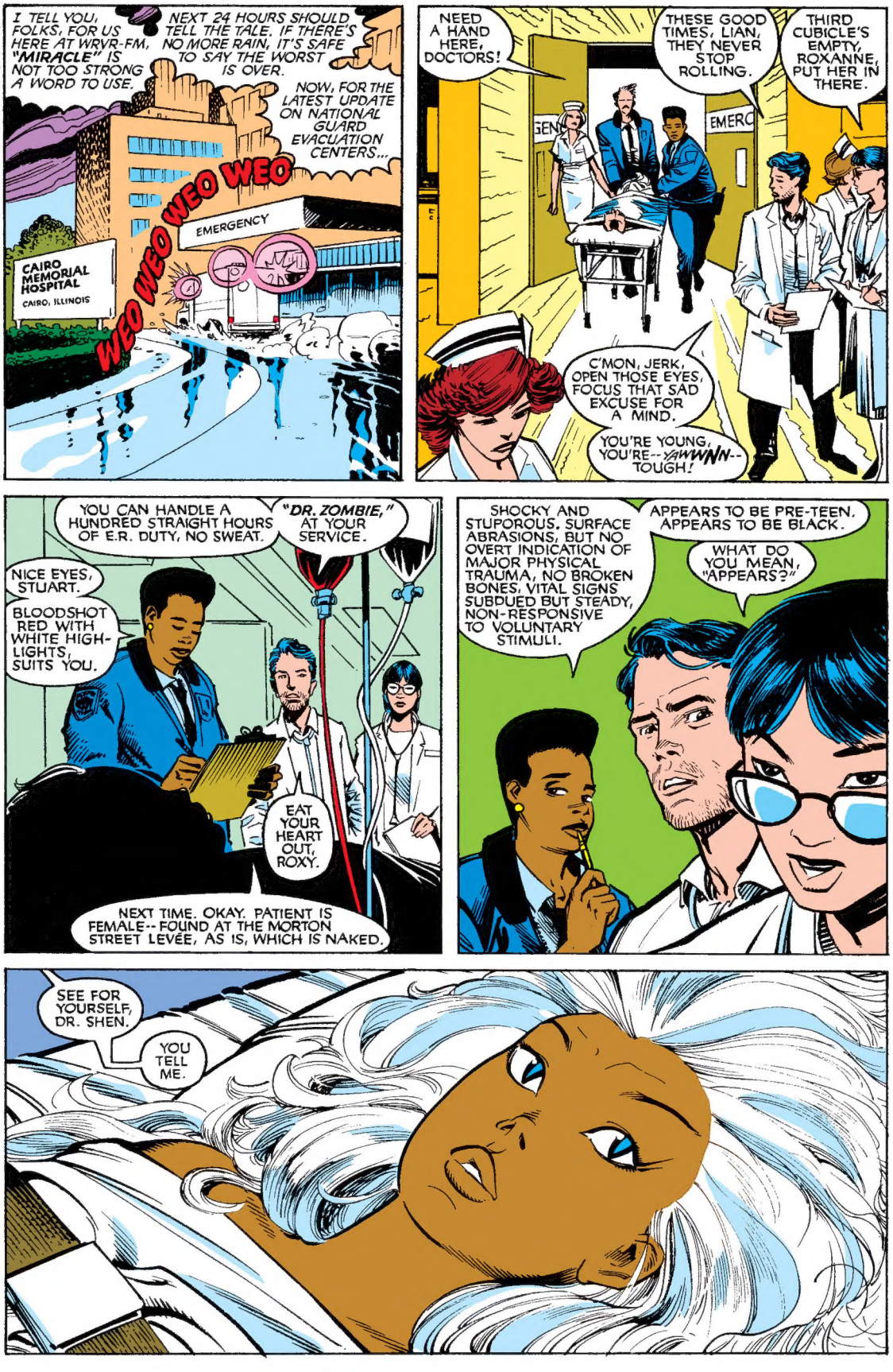
LORDY, WHAT A NOISE!
IT'S A GIRL!
WHERE'D SHE COME FROM?!
DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS, SHE'S ALIVE AND NEEDS OUR HELP!
REST OF YOU, BACK TO WORK.
I'LL LOOK AFTER HER.

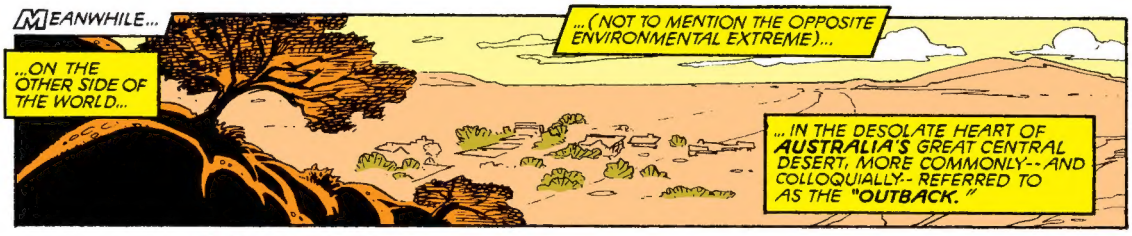
ROXANNE--
--YOU GOT A CUSTOMER!
MY LUCKY NIGHT.
AMBULANCE
EMERGENCY 911
LAY HER ON THE GURNEY, JACOB, WE'LL SEE WHAT SHE'S ABOUT.
HOW'S IT GOING?

DON'T ASK.
BUT IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST YOU BE AWAY FROM HERE. QUICK AS YOU CAN.
THAT BAD?
YOU GOT NO IDEA.
IT'S FLATLAND FOR MILES AROUND HERE, JAKE. THE LEVEE FAILS, WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU PEOPLE?

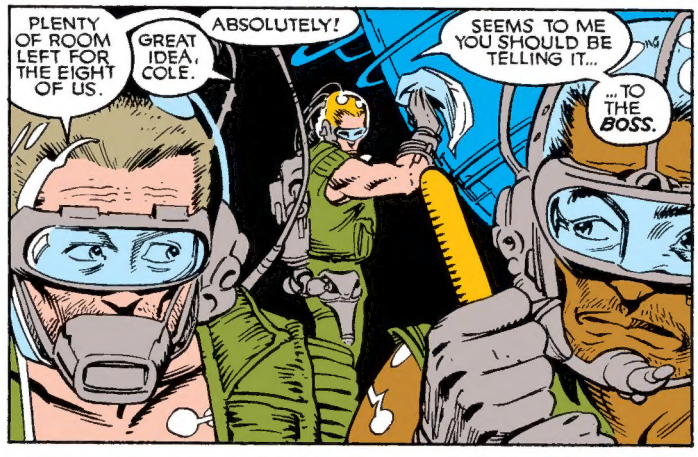

I GUESS WE LEARN HOW LONG, AND HOW HARD...
...WE CAN TREAD WATER.
JACOB REISZ IS TOO OLD FOR THIS.
TOO MANY ALL-NIGHT STAKEOUTS, AND THE JUNK FOOD THAT WENT WITH THEM, HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL.
EMERGENCY CALL 911
BUT HE IGNORES THE TWINGE INSIDE HIS CHEST AS HE TURNS BACK TO THE RIVER, SENSING SOMETHING WRONG, WONDERING WHAT IT IS.

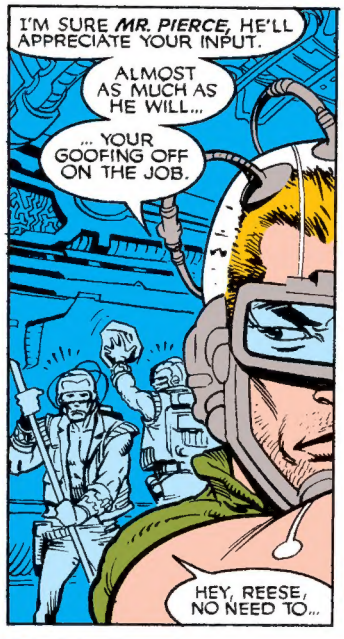

AND THEN, REALIZATION STRIKES LIKE A PHYSICAL BLOW.
THE RAIN HAS STOPPED.
THE SKY'S CLEARING.
THE STORM HAS BROKEN.

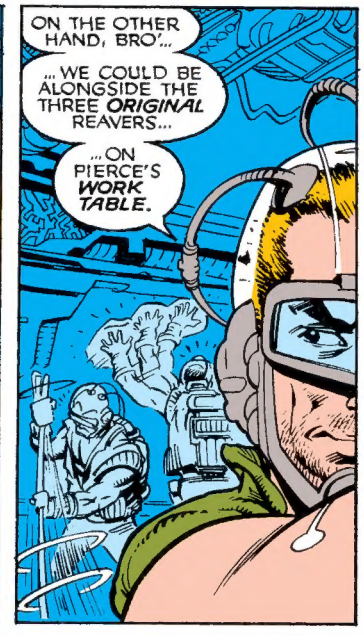

I TELL YOU, FOLKS, FOR US HERE AT WRVR-FM, "MIRACLE" IS NOT TOO STRONG A WORD TO USE.
NEXT 24 HOURS SHOULD TELL THE TALE. IF THERE'S NO MORE RAIN, IT'S SAFE TO SAY THE WORST IS OVER.
NOW, FOR THE LATEST UPDATE ON NATIONAL GUARD EVACUATION CENTERS...
WEO WEO WEO WEO
EMERGENCY
CAIRO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
CAIRO, ILLINOIS
NEED A HAND HERE, DOCTORS!
THESE GOOD TIMES, LIAN, THEY NEVER STOP ROLLING.
THIRD CUBICLE'S EMPTY, ROXANNE, PUT HER IN THERE.
EMERG
C'MON, JERK, OPEN THOSE EYES, FOCUS THAT SAD EXCUSE FOR A MIND.
YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU'RE--YAWWNN--TOUGH!
YOU CAN HANDLE A HUNDRED STRAIGHT HOURS OF E.R. DUTY, NO SWEAT.
"DR. ZOMBIE," AT YOUR SERVICE.
NICE EYES, STUART.
BLOODSHOT RED WITH WHITE HIGH-LIGHTS, SUITS YOU.
EAT YOUR HEART OUT, ROXY.
NEXT TIME. OKAY. PATIENT IS FEMALE--FOUND AT THE MORTON STREET LEVÉE, AS IS, WHICH IS NAKED.
SHOCKY AND STUPOROUS. SURFACE ABRASIONS, BUT NO OVERT INDICATION OF MAJOR PHYSICAL TRAUMA, NO BROKEN BONES, VITAL SIGNS SUBDUED BUT STEADY, NON-RESPONSIVE TO VOLUNTARY STIMULI.
APPEARS TO BE PRE-TEEN. APPEARS TO BE BLACK.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "APPEARS?"
SEE FOR YOURSELF, DR. SHEN.
YOU TELL ME.


MEANWHILE...
...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...
...(NOT TO MENTION THE OPPOSITE ENVIRONMENTAL EXTREME)...
...IN THE DESOLATE HEART OF AUSTRALIA'S GREAT CENTRAL DESERT, MORE COMMONLY-- AND COLLOQUIALLY-- REFERRED TO AS THE "OUTBACK."

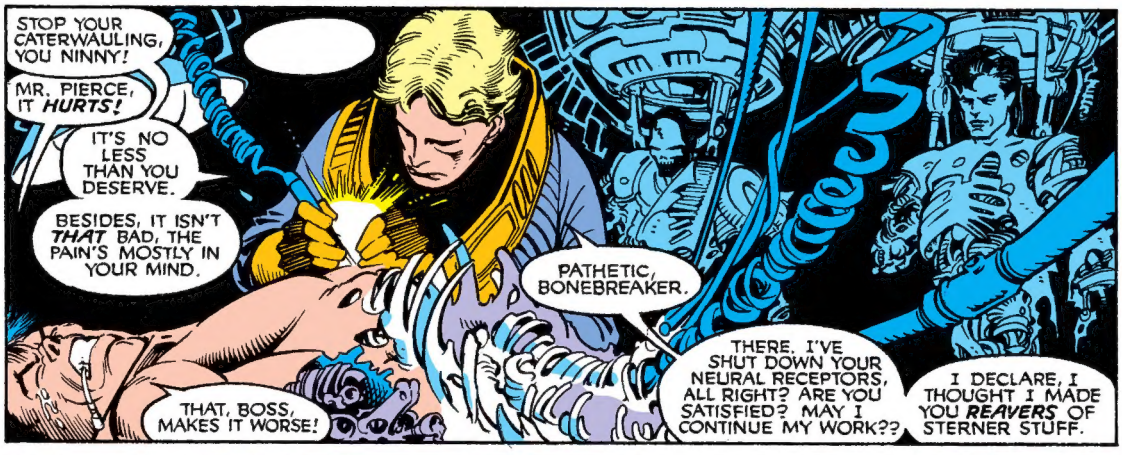
WE'RE SOLDIERS, REESE-- THE BEST OF THE BREED-- NOT JANITORS.
WE SHOULDN'T BE DOIN' THIS.
WE DO, COLE, AS WE'RE TOLD.
MAN, IT AIN'T EVEN OUR FAULT!
WASN'T US WHO BLEW A HOLE THROUGH THE LAKE BOTTOM AN' FLOODED THESE STUPID TUNNELS, NOSIREE, HOWCUM WE HAVE TO MOP UP THE MESS?!
I MEAN, WHY NOT SIMPLY SEAL OFF THE SECTION?
THIS WHOLE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX IS SO BIG, YOU COULD LOSE A THOUSAND MEN IN IT, EASY!


PLENTY OF ROOM LEFT FOR THE EIGHT OF US.
GREAT IDEA, COLE.
ABSOLUTELY!
SEEMS TO ME YOU SHOULD BE TELLING IT...
...TO THE BOSS.

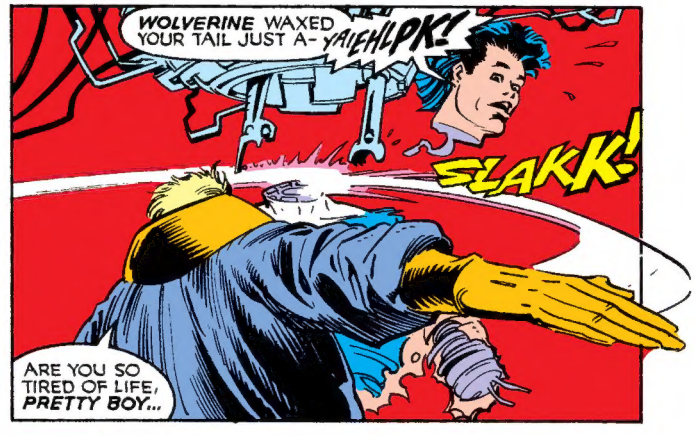

I'M SURE MR. PIERCE, HE'LL APPRECIATE YOUR INPUT.
ALMOST AS MUCH AS HE WILL...
... YOUR GOOFING OFF ON THE JOB.
HEY, REESE, NO NEED TO...

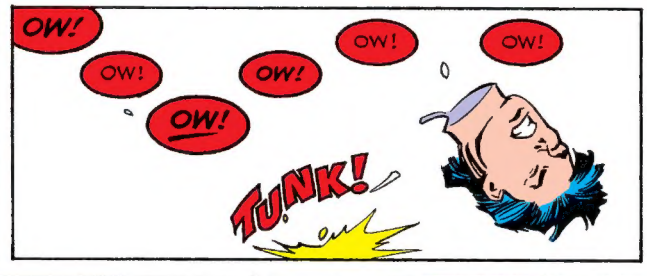

ON THE OTHER HAND, BRO'...
...WE COULD BE ALONGSIDE THE THREE ORIGINAL REAVERS...
...ON PIERCE'S WORK TABLE.

ARRRGH
SNAP


STOP YOUR CATERWAULING, YOU NINNY!
MR. PIERCE, IT HURTS!
IT'S NO LESS THAN YOU DESERVE.
BESIDES, IT ISN'T THAT BAD, THE PAIN'S MOSTLY IN YOUR MIND.
THAT, BOSS, MAKES IT WORSE!
PATHETIC, BONEBREAKER.
THERE. I'VE SHUT DOWN YOUR NEURAL RECEPTORS, ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU SATISFIED? MAY I CONTINUE MY WORK??
I DECLARE, I THOUGHT I MADE YOU REAVERS OF STERNER STUFF.

HARDLY SURPRISING THE X-MEN BEAT YOU SO BADLY.
THAT EXPLAINS US.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

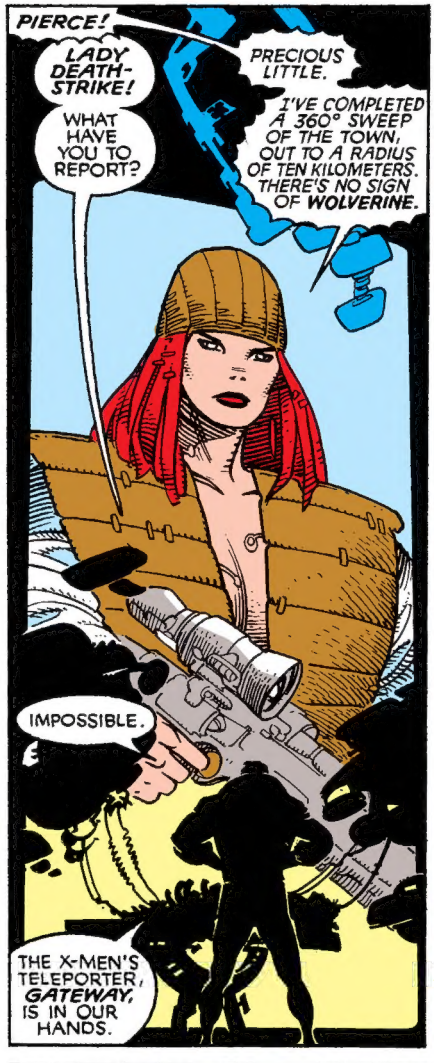

WOLVERINE WAXED YOUR TAIL JUST A- YAIEHLPK!
SLAKK!
ARE YOU SO TIRED OF LIFE, PRETTY BOY...

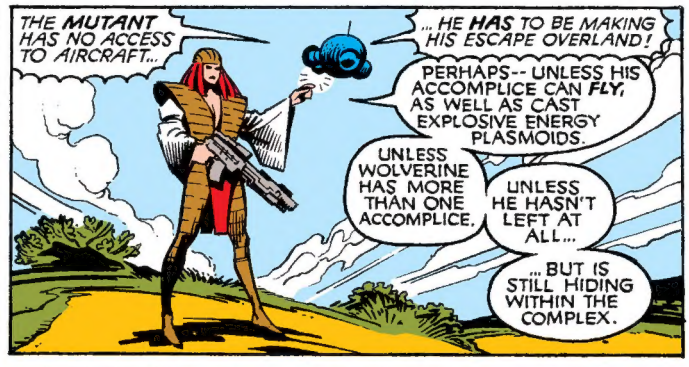

OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!
OW!
TUNK!

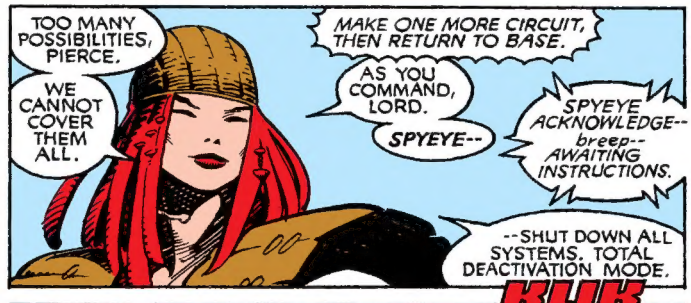
...THAT YOU APPEAR SO EAGER TO CAST IT AWAY?
HEY, BOSS, IT WAS A JOKE, CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?!

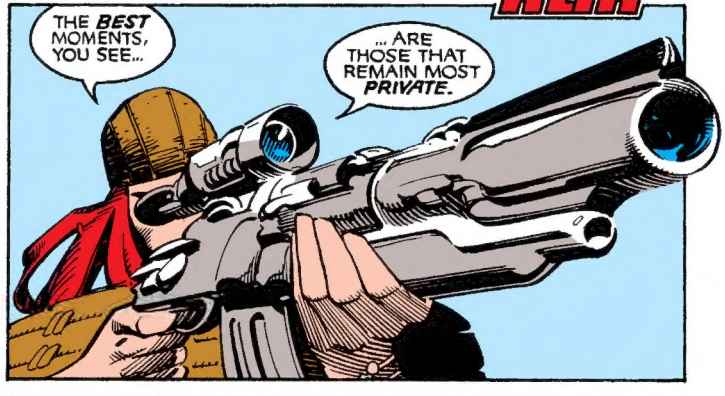
I LOVE JOKES, PRETTY BOY.
I ESPECIALLY LOVE GETTING MY OWN BACK...
...FAR, FAR BETTER THAN I WAS GIVEN.
ULP!

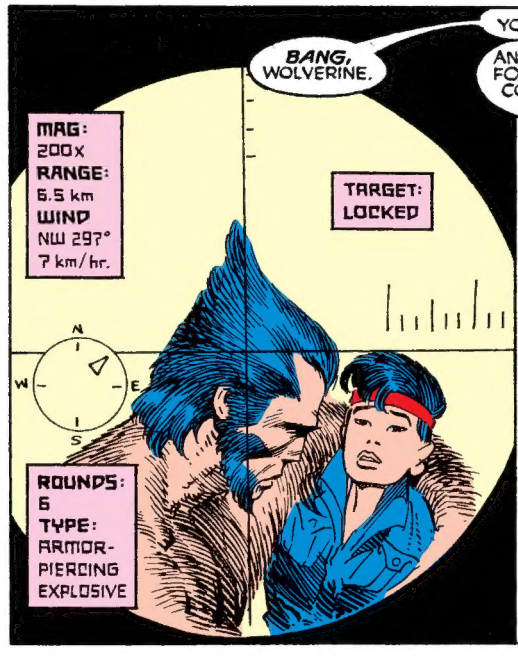
SO I DO HOPE, WHEN I'M DONE...
...YOU APPRECIATE MY SENSE OF HUMOR.
BETTER YOU THAN US, LOVER!
HAWHRRR!

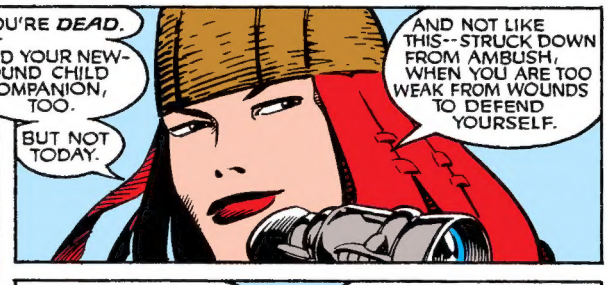

PIERCE!
LADY DEATH-STRIKE!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?
PRECIOUS LITTLE.
I'VE COMPLETED A 360° SWEEP OF THE TOWN, OUT TO A RADIUS OF TEN KILOMETERS. THERE'S NO SIGN OF WOLVERINE.
IMPOSSIBLE.
THE X-MEN'S TELEPORTER, GATEWAY, IS IN OUR HANDS.

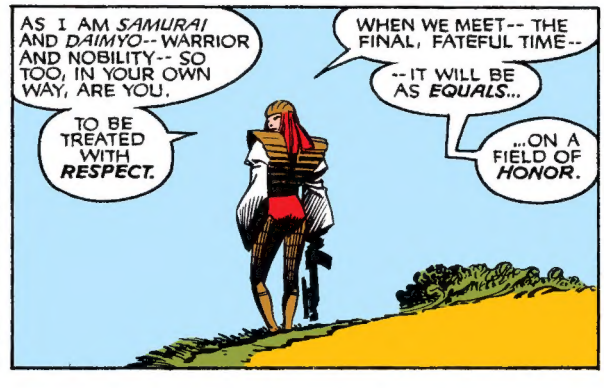

THE MUTANT HAS NO ACCESS TO AIRCRAFT...
... HE HAS TO BE MAKING HIS ESCAPE OVERLAND!
PERHAPS-- UNLESS HIS ACCOMPLICE CAN FLY, AS WELL AS CAST EXPLOSIVE ENERGY PLASMOIDS.
UNLESS WOLVERINE HAS MORE THAN ONE ACCOMPLICE.
UNLESS HE HASN'T LEFT AT ALL...
... BUT IS STILL HIDING WITHIN THE COMPLEX.


TOO MANY POSSIBILITIES, PIERCE.
WE CANNOT COVER THEM ALL.
MAKE ONE MORE CIRCUIT, THEN RETURN TO BASE.
AS YOU COMMAND, LORD.
SPYEYE--
SPYEYE ACKNOWLEDGE-- breep-- AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.
--SHUT DOWN ALL SYSTEMS. TOTAL DEACTIVATION MODE.

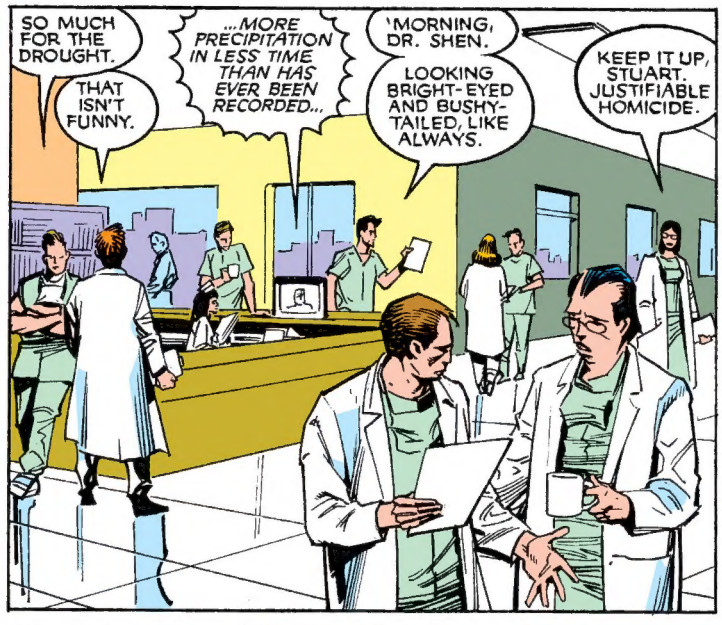

KLIK
THE BEST MOMENTS, YOU SEE...
... ARE THOSE THAT REMAIN MOST PRIVATE.

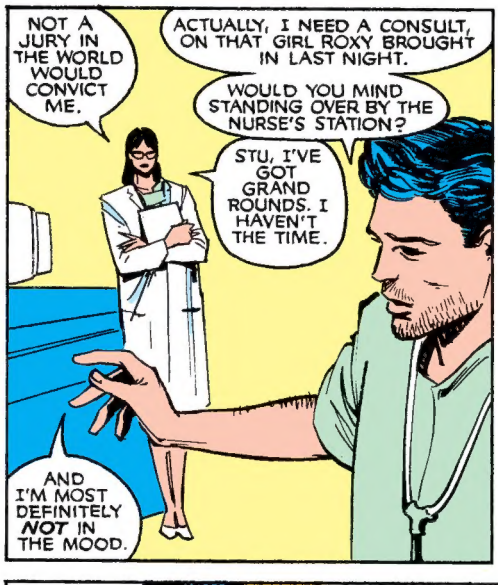

BANG, WOLVERINE.
MAG: 200x
RANGE: 6.5 km
WIND NW 297° 7 km/hr.
TARGET: LOCKED
N
W
E
S
ROUNDS: 6
TYPE: ARMOR-PIERCING EXPLOSIVE

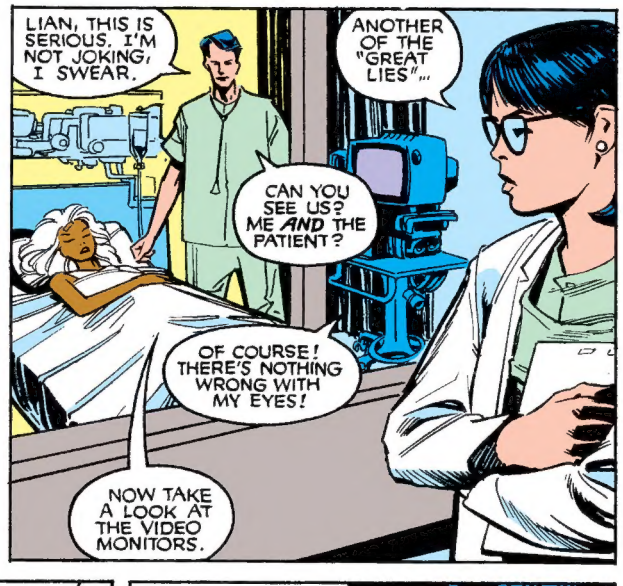

YOU'RE DEAD.
AND YOUR NEW-FOUND CHILD COMPANION, TOO.
BUT NOT TODAY.
AND NOT LIKE THIS--STRUCK DOWN FROM AMBUSH, WHEN YOU ARE TOO WEAK FROM WOUNDS TO DEFEND YOURSELF.

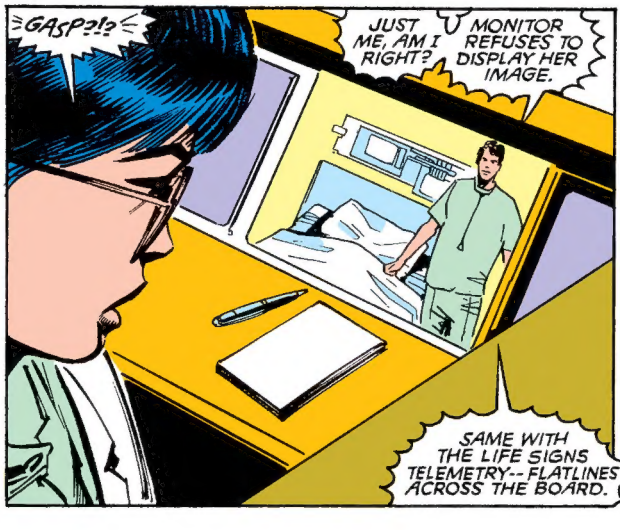

AS I AM SAMURAI AND DAIMYO-- WARRIOR AND NOBILITY-- SO TOO, IN YOUR OWN WAY, ARE YOU.
TO BE TREATED WITH RESPECT.
WHEN WE MEET-- THE FINAL, FATEFUL TIME--
--IT WILL BE AS EQUALS...
...ON A FIELD OF HONOR.

CAIRO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, THE DAWN OF A BETTER DAY...
SLEEP FOR A WEEK
AIN'T THAT SUNRISE BEAUTIFUL
LOST MY HOUSE
RADIO BLAMES MUTIES
YOU BELIEVE THAT BILGE

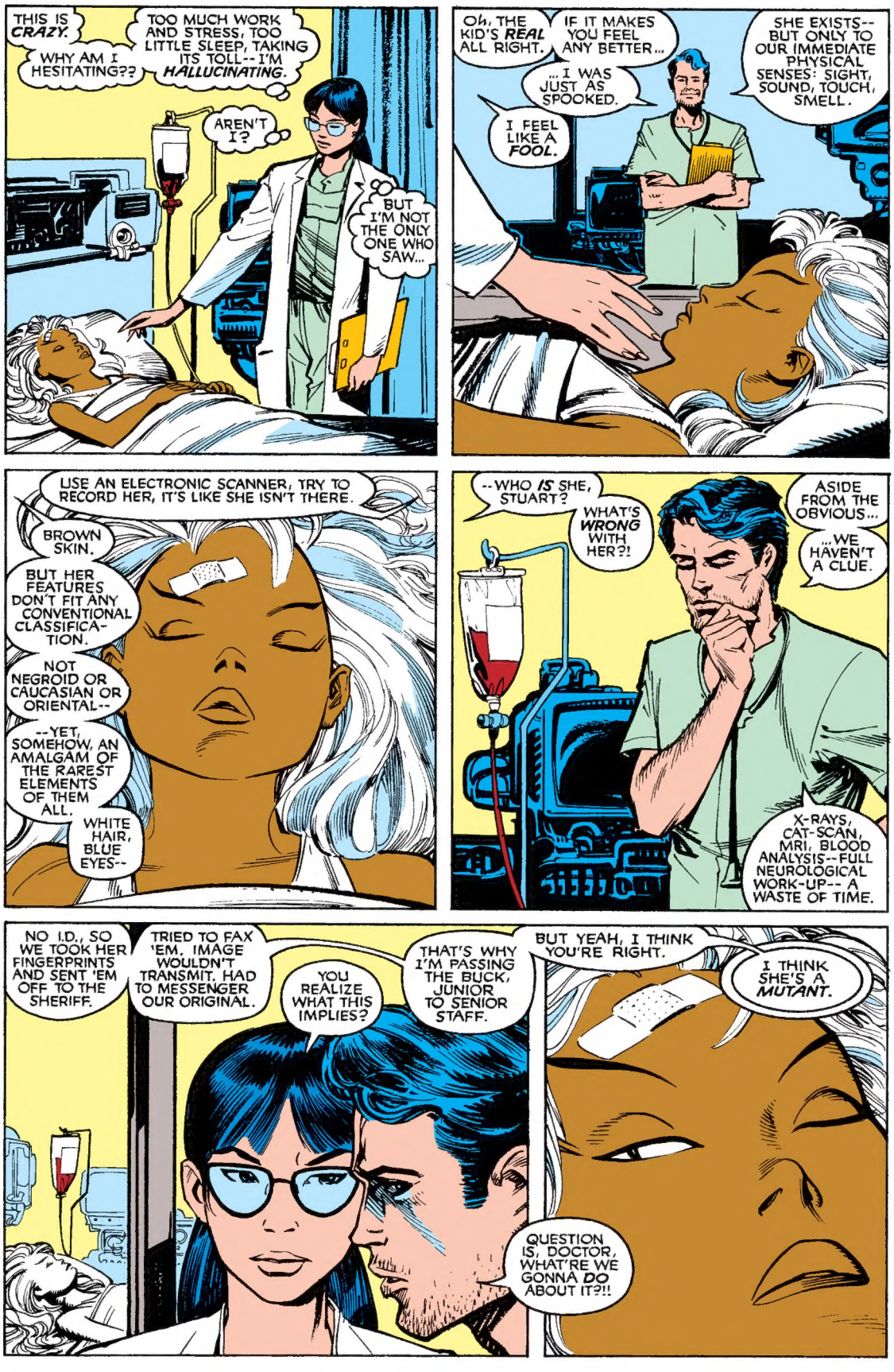

SO MUCH FOR THE DROUGHT.
THAT ISN'T FUNNY.
...MORE PRECIPITATION IN LESS TIME THAN HAS EVER BEEN RECORDED...
'MORNING, DR. SHEN.
LOOKING BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED, LIKE ALWAYS.
KEEP IT UP, STUART. JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.


NOT A JURY IN THE WORLD WOULD CONVICT ME.
ACTUALLY, I NEED A CONSULT, ON THAT GIRL ROXY BROUGHT IN LAST NIGHT.
WOULD YOU MIND STANDING OVER BY THE NURSE'S STATION?
STU, I'VE GOT GRAND ROUNDS. I HAVEN'T THE TIME.
AND I'M MOST DEFINITELY NOT IN THE MOOD.

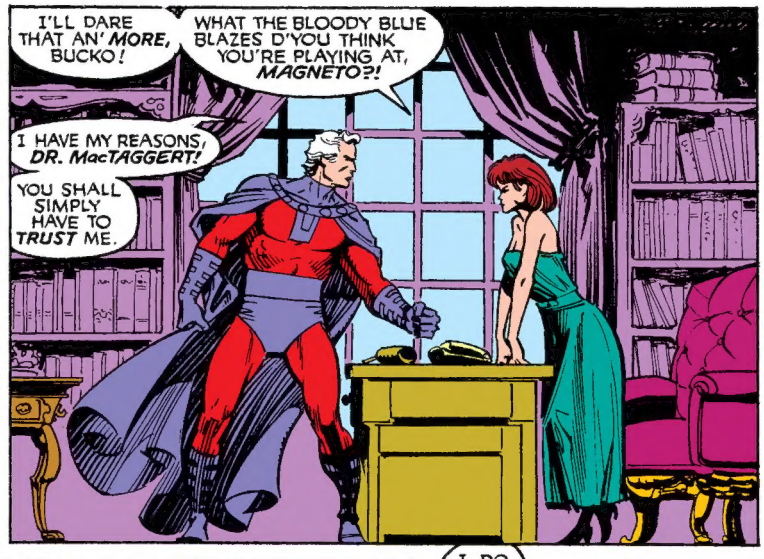

LIAN, THIS IS SERIOUS. I'M NOT JOKING, I SWEAR.
ANOTHER OF THE "GREAT LIES"...
CAN YOU SEE US? ME AND THE PATIENT?
OF COURSE! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY EYES!
NOW TAKE A LOOK AT THE VIDEO MONITORS.


GASP?!?
JUST ME, AM I RIGHT?
MONITOR REFUSES TO DISPLAY HER IMAGE.
SAME WITH THE LIFE SIGNS TELEMETRY--FLATLINES ACROSS THE BOARD.

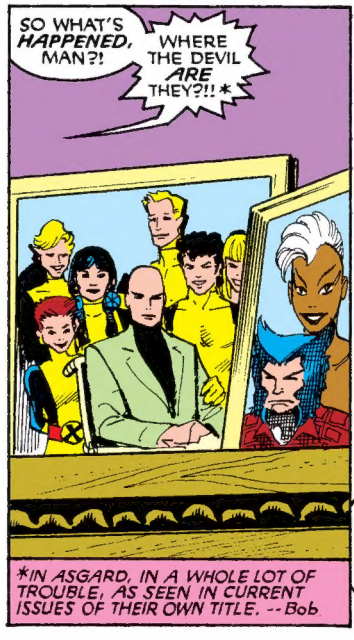
AS FAR AS OUR COMPUTER MONITORING SYSTEM'S CONCERNED...
...THIS BED'S EMPTY...
...AND THIS PATIENT DOESN'T EXIST.


THIS IS CRAZY.
WHY AM I HESITATING??
TOO MUCH WORK AND STRESS, TOO LITTLE SLEEP, TAKING ITS TOLL--I'M HALLUCINATING.
AREN'T I?
BUT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW...
Oh, THE KID'S REAL ALL RIGHT.
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER...
...I WAS JUST AS SPOOKED.
I FEEL LIKE A FOOL.
SHE EXISTS--BUT ONLY TO OUR IMMEDIATE PHYSICAL SENSES: SIGHT, SOUND, TOUCH, SMELL.
USE AN ELECTRONIC SCANNER, TRY TO RECORD HER, IT'S LIKE SHE ISN'T THERE.
BROWN SKIN.
BUT HER FEATURES DON'T FIT ANY CONVENTIONAL CLASSIFICATION.
NOT NEGROID OR CAUCASIAN OR ORIENTAL--
--YET, SOMEHOW, AN AMALGAM OF THE RAREST ELEMENTS OF THEM ALL.
WHITE HAIR, BLUE EYES--
--WHO IS SHE, STUART?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?!
ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS...
...WE HAVEN'T A CLUE.
X-RAYS, CAT-SCAN, MRI, BLOOD ANALYSIS--FULL NEUROLOGICAL WORK-UP-- A WASTE OF TIME.
NO I.D., SO WE TOOK HER FINGERPRINTS AND SENT 'EM OFF TO THE SHERIFF.
TRIED TO FAX 'EM. IMAGE WOULDN'T TRANSMIT. HAD TO MESSENGER OUR ORIGINAL.
YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS IMPLIES?
THAT'S WHY I'M PASSING THE BUCK, JUNIOR TO SENIOR STAFF.
BUT YEAH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.
I THINK SHE'S A MUTANT.
QUESTION IS, DOCTOR, WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?!!

MUIR ISLE, OFF THE RUGGED NORTH COAST OF SCOTLAND...
HOW DARE YOU PRESUME TO JUDGE ME, WOMAN?!

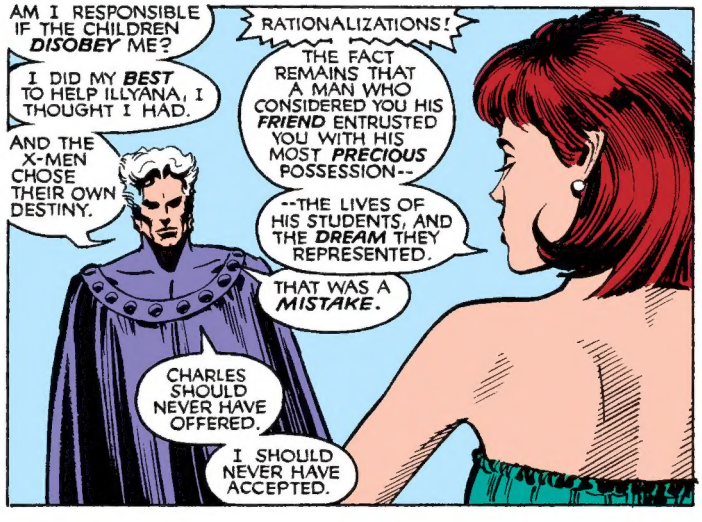

I'LL DARE THAT AN' MORE, BUCKO!
WHAT THE BLOODY BLUE BLAZES D'YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT, MAGNETO?!
I HAVE MY REASONS, DR. MacTAGGERT!
YOU SHALL SIMPLY HAVE TO TRUST ME.

CHARLES XAVIER DID THAT, REMEMBER?
YOU GAVE YUIR WORD TO HIM YOU'D LOOK AFTER HIS STUDENTS, THE NEW MUTANTS...
...AS HEADMASTER OF XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.


SO WHAT'S HAPPENED, MAN?!
WHERE THE DEVIL ARE THEY?!! *
*IN ASGARD, IN A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE, AS SEEN IN CURRENT ISSUES OF THEIR OWN TITLE. --Bob

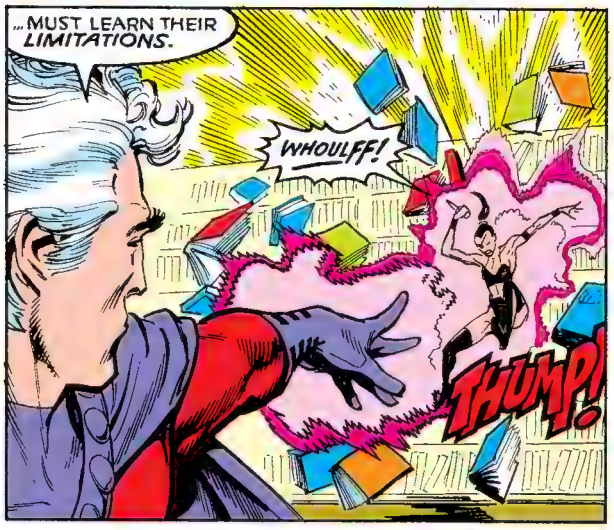
I DO NOT KNOW.
I HAVE HIGHER RESPONSIBILITIES NOW, MOIRA, THAT MUST TAKE PRECEDENCE.
SUCH AS BECOMING TOP DOG OF THE HELLFIRE CLUB?

THAT WAS AS MUCH STORM'S DECISION-- AS LEADER OF THE X-MEN-- AS MINE.
WE FELT I COULD DO MORE TO SAFEGUARD THE CHILDREN AS ONE OF THE LORDS CARDINAL.
FAT LOT O' GOOD THAT DID DOUG RAMSEY...
...OR ILLYANA RASPUTIN, OR THE X-MEN THEMSELVES!


AM I RESPONSIBLE IF THE CHILDREN DISOBEY ME?
I DID MY BEST TO HELP ILLYANA, I THOUGHT I HAD.
AND THE X-MEN CHOSE THEIR OWN DESTINY.
RATIONALIZATIONS!
THE FACT REMAINS THAT A MAN WHO CONSIDERED YOU HIS FRIEND ENTRUSTED YOU WITH HIS MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION--
--THE LIVES OF HIS STUDENTS, AND THE DREAM THEY REPRESENTED.
THAT WAS A MISTAKE.
CHARLES SHOULD NEVER HAVE OFFERED.
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED.

WHAT, YOU FIGURE YOU'LL DUMP THE BAIRNS-- LIKE SO MUCH EXCESS BAGGAGE-- WITH A FEW COLD WORDS, AN' GO YUIR MERRY WAY AN' THERE'S THE END TO IT?!
WHAT COMES NEXT, O MASTER OF MAGNETISM--
--ANOTHER BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS?!!
RESTRAIN YOURSELF, WOMAN!
THE DEVIL I WILL!

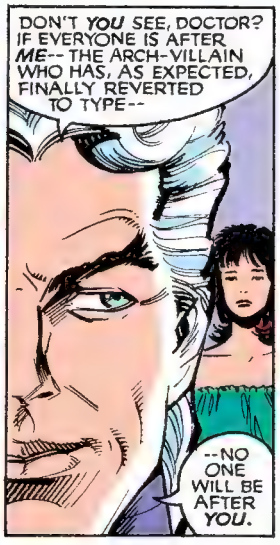
LET HER GO, MAGNETO!
SKRAM!
--AS WARRIOR AND DOCTOR MacTAGGERT'S BODYGUARD...
...YOU MAY HAVE NO PEER--
CALLISTO--
--BUT EVEN THE BEST...

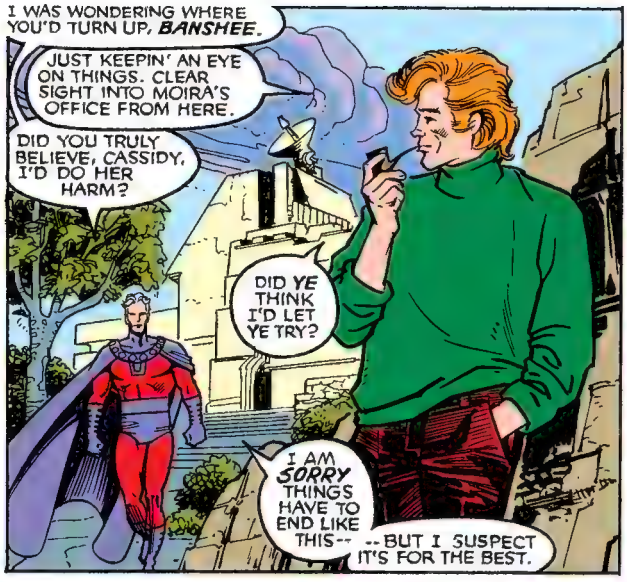

...MUST LEARN THEIR LIMITATIONS.
WHOULFF!
THUMP!

THERE IS A WAR COMING, MOIRA. AND YOU ARE A FOOL IF YOU DO NOT SEE IT.
WE MUTANTS CANNOT BE WISHED AWAY, WE ARE HERE ON THIS EARTH, MORE AND MORE BORN EVERY DAY.
THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL ACCEPT US, AND THOSE WHO FEAR US AND SEEK OUR DESTRUCTION.
AND, WORST OF ALL, THOSE LIKE THE GENOSHANS...
...WHO DESIRE TO EXPLOIT US FOR THEIR OWN POWER AND PROFIT.

WE MUST BE STRONG ENOUGH-- AS A PEOPLE-- TO SURVIVE WITHOUT THE SUFFERANCE OF THE ONE OR THE AGGRESSIONS OF THE OTHERS.
I MEAN TO ENSURE THAT.
I MUST-- BECAUSE THERE IS NO ONE ELSE.

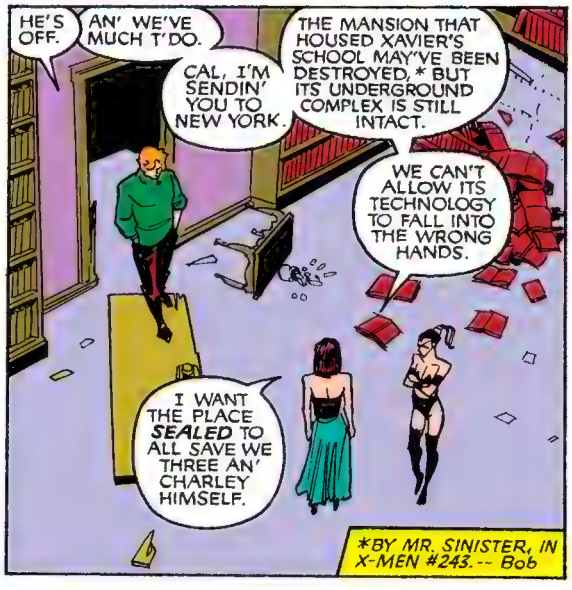
THE X-MEN ARE DEAD, X-FACTOR HAS VANISHED. AND THE NEW MUTANTS ARE BUT CHILDREN.
TOO MUCH IS AT STAKE, MOIRA. I CANNOT FAIL.
DON'T YOU SEE, MAGNETO?
IF YOU LOSE YUIR SELF IN THE PROCESS, YOU ALREADY HAVE!


DON'T YOU SEE, DOCTOR? IF EVERYONE IS AFTER ME-- THE ARCH-VILLAIN WHO HAS, AS EXPECTED, FINALLY REVERTED TO TYPE--
--NO ONE WILL BE AFTER YOU.


I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D TURN UP, BANSHEE.
JUST KEEPIN' AN EYE ON THINGS. CLEAR SIGHT INTO MOIRA'S OFFICE FROM HERE.
DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE, CASSIDY, I'D DO HER HARM?
DID YE THINK I'D LET YE TRY?
I AM SORRY THINGS HAVE TO END LIKE THIS--
--BUT I SUSPECT IT'S FOR THE BEST.

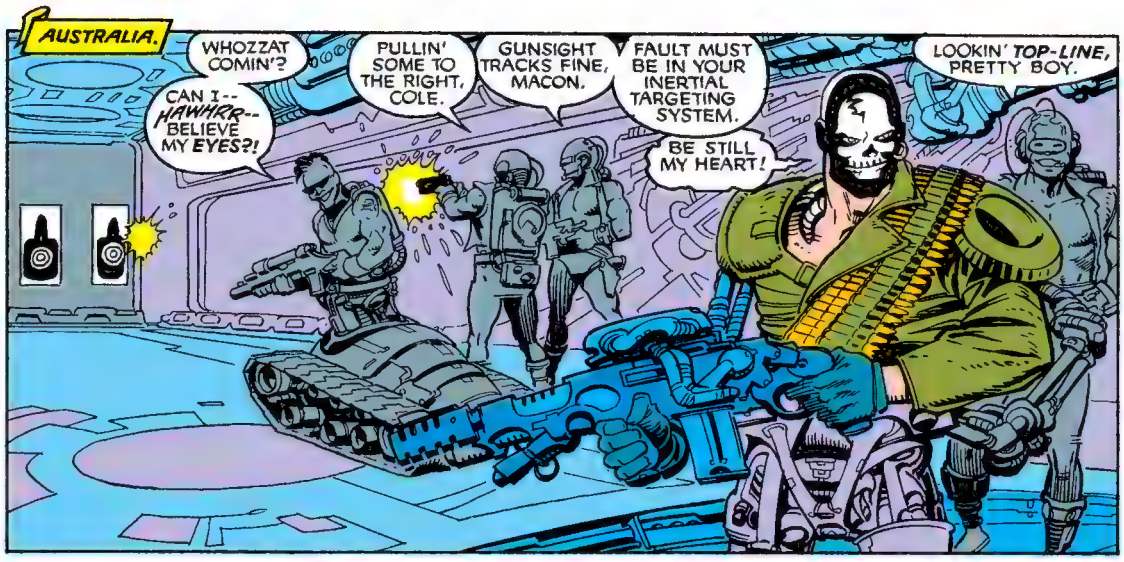
SOME ROADS ARE BETTER TRAVELED ALONE.
I KNOW THE FEELIN', MAGNETO...
...AN' THE ROAD.
JUST REMEMBER...

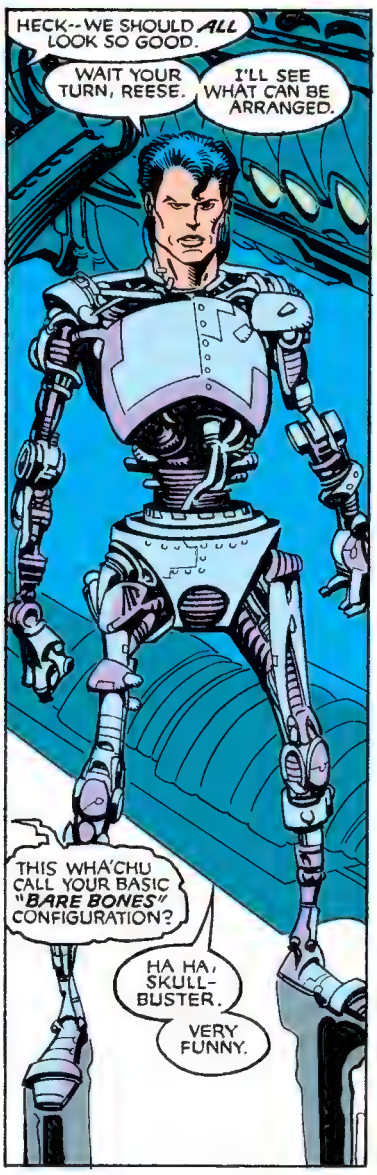
...IT DOESN'T HAVE T' BE THAT WAY.
FOR ALL OUR SAKES THEN, MY IRISH FRIEND...
...LET US PRAY THAT I AM WRONG.
AND MINE, THE ONLY SACRIFICE.


HE'S OFF.
AN' WE'VE MUCH T'DO.
CAL, I'M SENDIN' YOU TO NEW YORK.
THE MANSION THAT HOUSED XAVIER'S SCHOOL MAY'VE BEEN DESTROYED,* BUT ITS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX IS STILL INTACT.
WE CAN'T ALLOW ITS TECHNOLOGY TO FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
I WANT THE PLACE SEALED TO ALL SAVE WE THREE AN' CHARLEY HIMSELF.
*BY MR. SINISTER, IN X-MEN #243. -- Bob

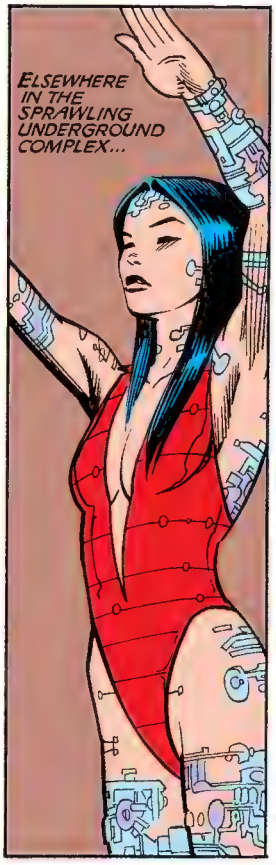
IS THAT WISE, ACCUSHLA?
S'POSE THE MUTANTS OR X-FACTOR TRY TO GAIN ENTRY?
BETTER TOO SAFE THAN TOO SORRY, MY LOVE, ESPECIALLY IF WE HAVE TO CONSIDER MAGNETO A POTENTIAL ADVERSARY.
WE'LL KEY THE SECURITY SYSTEMS TO ALERT US IF THEY DO.
NEXT ORDER OF PRIORITY IS FINDING THE NEW MUTANTS AND GETTING THEM HERE.
AN' THEN, SECURIN' MUIR ISLE AGAINST POSSIBLE ATTACK.

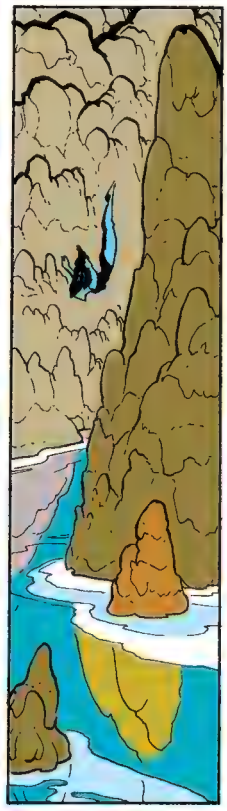
MOIRA MOIRA--
--WE'VE WEATHERED WORSE STORMS...
...THINGS'LL WORK OUT FINE, YOU'LL SEE.
WILL THEY, SEAN?
I WISH I WAS AS CERTAIN.
IT'S JUST, I HAVE THIS AWFUL FEELING...
...MAGNETO MAY BE RIGHT.


AUSTRALIA.
WHOZZAT COMIN'?
CAN I-- HAWHRR-- BELIEVE MY EYES?!
PULLIN' SOME TO THE RIGHT, COLE.
GUNSIGHT TRACKS FINE, MACON.
FAULT MUST BE IN YOUR INERTIAL TARGETING SYSTEM.
BE STILL MY HEART!
LOOKIN' TOP-LINE, PRETTY BOY.

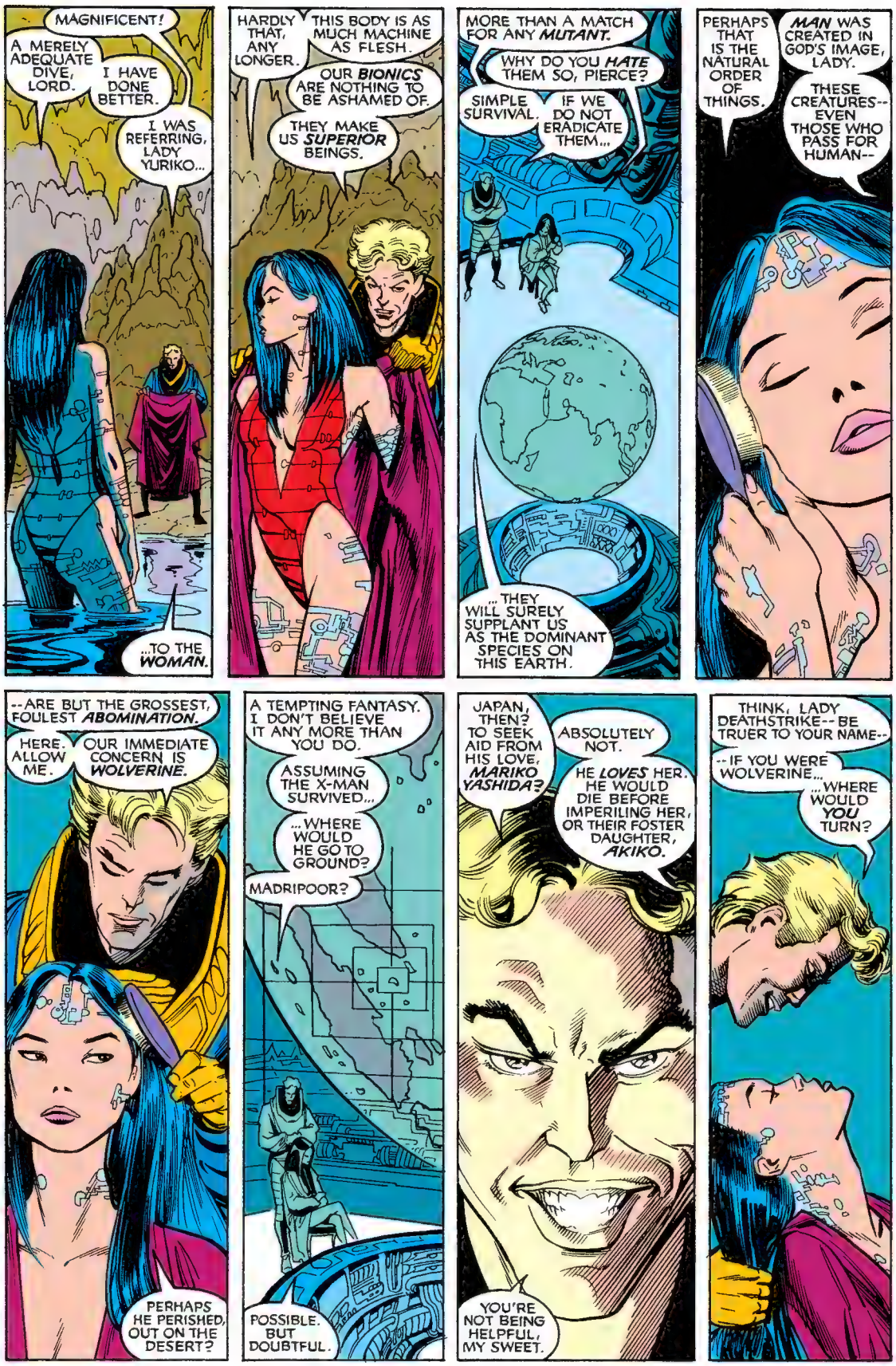

HECK--WE SHOULD ALL LOOK SO GOOD.
WAIT YOUR TURN, REESE.
I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE ARRANGED.
THIS WHA'CHU CALL YOUR BASIC "BARE BONES" CONFIGURATION?
HA HA, SKULL-BUSTER.
VERY FUNNY.

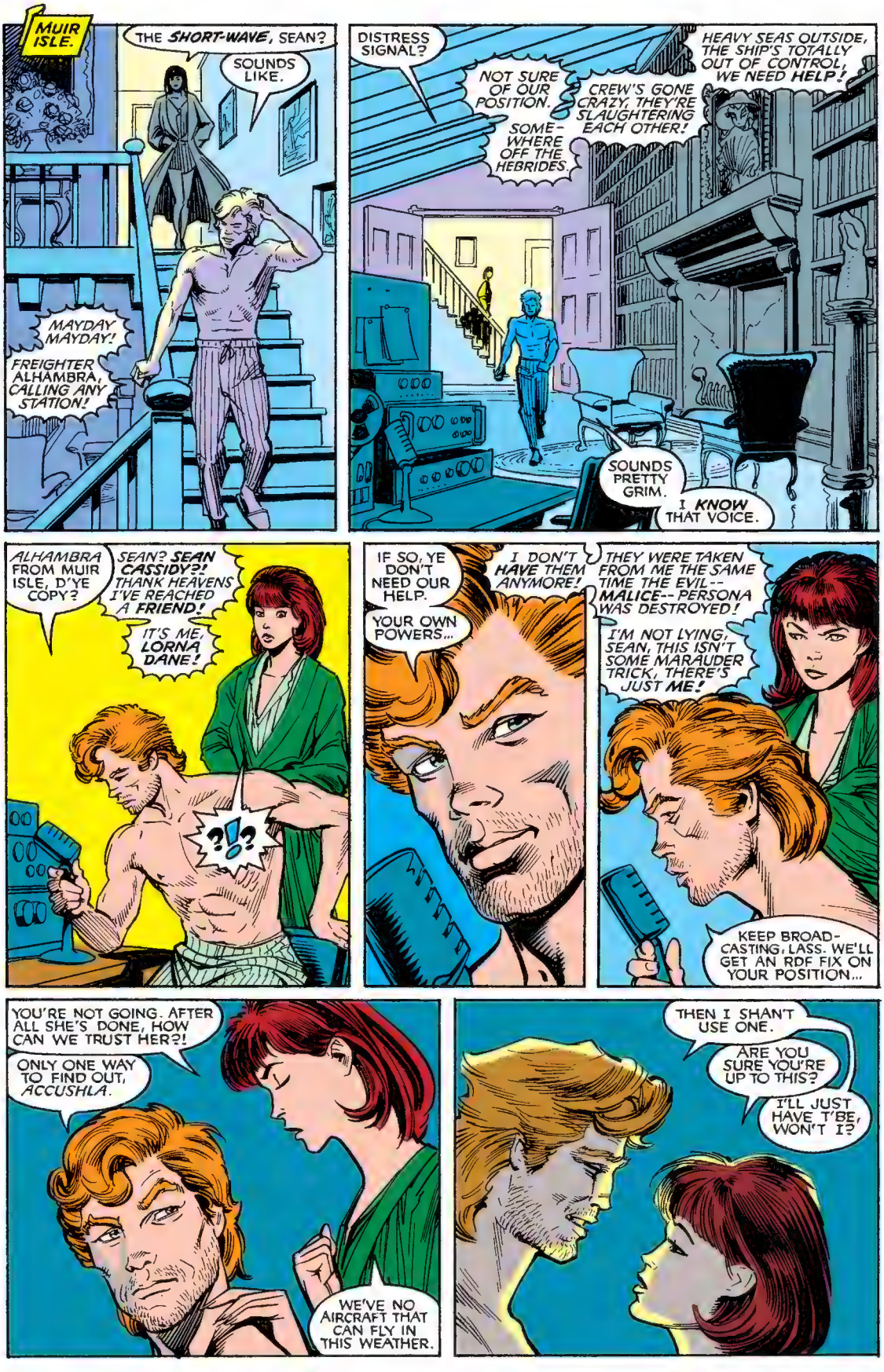
THAT PIERCE, BOY...
...THAT'S SOME SENSA-HUMOR.
HA HA HA HA HA HA
GO ON, THE LOT OF YOU, LAUGH YOURSELVES SICK.
WHATEVER IT TAKES, I'M GETTING MY RIGHTFUL BODY BACK.
AND THEN, THE LAST LAUGH--ON YOU AND PIERCE--
--IS GONNA BE MINE!


ELSEWHERE IN THE SPRAWLING UNDERGROUND COMPLEX...


...AS FULL OF NATURAL WONDERS AS TECHNOLOGICAL ONES...

...NOT LEAST OF WHICH IS THIS PRISTINE, FRESH-WATER LAKE...


MAGNIFICENT!
A MERELY ADEQUATE DIVE, LORD.
I HAVE DONE BETTER.
I WAS REFERRING, LADY YURIKO...
...TO THE WOMAN.
HARDLY THAT, ANY LONGER.
THIS BODY IS AS MUCH MACHINE AS FLESH.
OUR BIONICS ARE NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.
THEY MAKE US SUPERIOR BEINGS.
MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY MUTANT.
WHY DO YOU HATE THEM SO, PIERCE?
SIMPLE SURVIVAL.
IF WE DO NOT ERADICATE THEM...
... THEY WILL SURELY SUPPLANT US AS THE DOMINANT SPECIES ON THIS EARTH.
PERHAPS THAT IS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS.
MAN WAS CREATED IN GOD'S IMAGE, LADY.
THESE CREATURES-- EVEN THOSE WHO PASS FOR HUMAN--
--ARE BUT THE GROSSEST, FOULEST ABOMINATION.
HERE. ALLOW ME.
OUR IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS WOLVERINE.
PERHAPS HE PERISHED, OUT ON THE DESERT?
A TEMPTING FANTASY. I DON'T BELIEVE IT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.
ASSUMING THE X-MAN SURVIVED...
...WHERE WOULD HE GO TO GROUND?
MADRIPOOR?
POSSIBLE. BUT DOUBTFUL.
JAPAN, THEN? TO SEEK AID FROM HIS LOVE, MARIKO YASHIDA?
ABSOLUTELY NOT.
HE LOVES HER. HE WOULD DIE BEFORE IMPERILING HER, OR THEIR FOSTER DAUGHTER, AKIKO.
YOU'RE NOT BEING HELPFUL, MY SWEET.
THINK, LADY DEATHSTRIKE-- BE TRUER TO YOUR NAME--
--IF YOU WERE WOLVERINE...
...WHERE WOULD YOU TURN?


MUIR ISLE.
THE SHORT-WAVE, SEAN?
SOUNDS LIKE.
MAYDAY MAYDAY!
FREIGHTER ALHAMBRA, CALLING ANY STATION!
DISTRESS SIGNAL?
NOT SURE OF OUR POSITION.
SOME-WHERE OFF THE HEBRIDES.
CREW'S GONE CRAZY, THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING EACH OTHER!
HEAVY SEAS OUTSIDE, THE SHIP'S TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL, WE NEED HELP!
SOUNDS PRETTY GRIM.
I KNOW THAT VOICE.
ALHAMBRA FROM MUIR ISLE, D'YE COPY?
SEAN? SEAN CASSIDY?! THANK HEAVENS I'VE REACHED A FRIEND!
IT'S ME, LORNA DANE!
?!?
IF SO, YE DON'T NEED OUR HELP.
I DON'T HAVE THEM ANYMORE!
YOUR OWN POWERS...
THEY WERE TAKEN FROM ME THE SAME TIME THE EVIL-- MALICE-- PERSONA WAS DESTROYED!
I'M NOT LYING, SEAN, THIS ISN'T SOME MARAUDER TRICK, THERE'S JUST ME!
KEEP BROAD-CASTING, LASS. WE'LL GET AN RDF FIX ON YOUR POSITION...
YOU'RE NOT GOING. AFTER ALL SHE'S DONE, HOW CAN WE TRUST HER?!
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, ACCUSHLA.
WE'VE NO AIRCRAFT THAT CAN FLY IN THIS WEATHER.
THEN I SHAN'T USE ONE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP TO THIS?
I'LL JUST HAVE T'BE, WON'T I?

THE PAST FEW DAYS, THE WEATHER WORLD-WIDE HAS BEEN SO BAD, THAT EVEN THE MOST MODERN AND WELL-MAINTAINED OF VESSELS WOULD HAVE TROUBLE COPING WITH THESE MONSTROUS ATLANTIC SEAS.

THE FREIGHTER ALHAMBRA IS NEITHER.

AND EACH WAVE THAT CRASHES OVER HER RUSTY DECK BRINGS THE OLD SHIP THAT MUCH CLOSER TO HER END.

NOT THAT ANY OF HER CREW SEEMS MUCH TO CARE.

SHE'S MINE, CURSE YER EYES!

CRASH!

DOG OF A MUTINEER--

--I BROUGHT HER ABOARD...

...SHE BELONGS TO ME!

THEY'RE FIGHTING LIKE ANIMALS.

BUT WHY?! THERE WAS NO HINT OF THIS WHEN WE LEFT PORT.

EVER SINCE, EVERYONE BUT ME'S BEEN ACTING MORE AND MORE CRAZY!

GASP!

BLAM!

FOOL.

IF YOU'D WAITED YOUR TURN, I'D HAVE SHARED-- eh?!

FREIGHTER ALHAMBRA...

...THIS IS THE ROYAL NAVY COAST GUARD--

SQUAWRRK!

NO INTERFERENCE, NO MORE INTRUSIONS!

PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS!

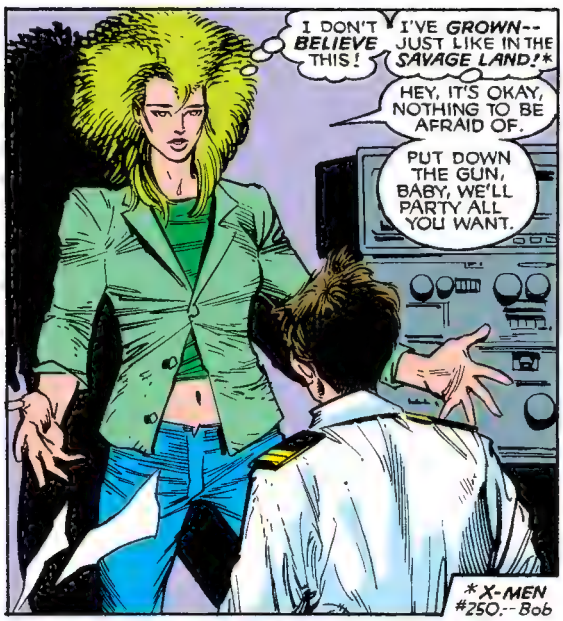
ON YOUR FEET!

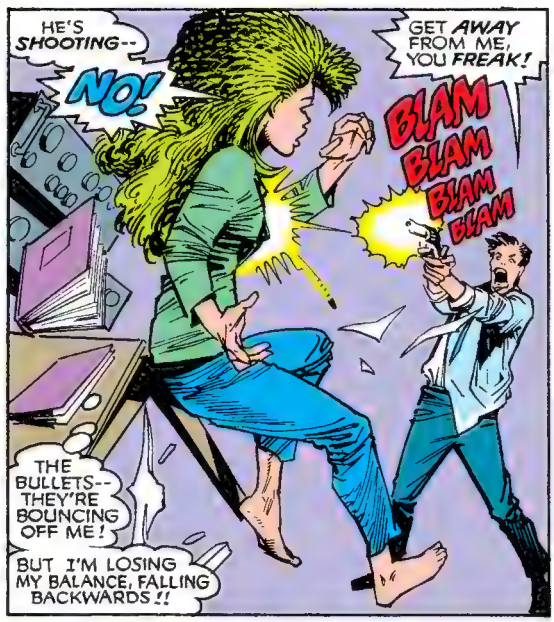
YOU AND ME, GIRL, IT'S OUR TIME TO...

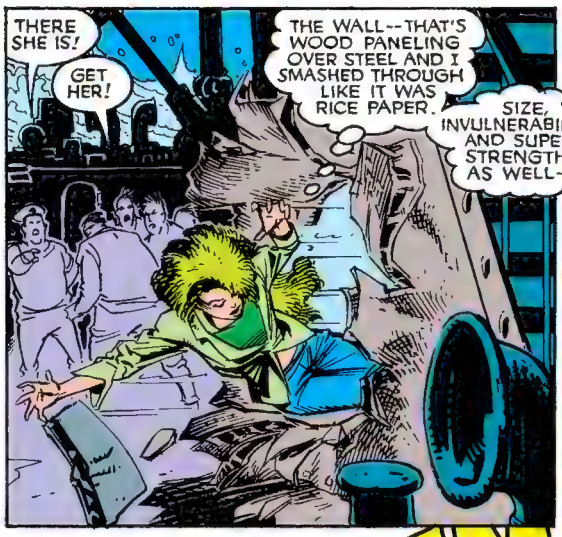
...PARTY...

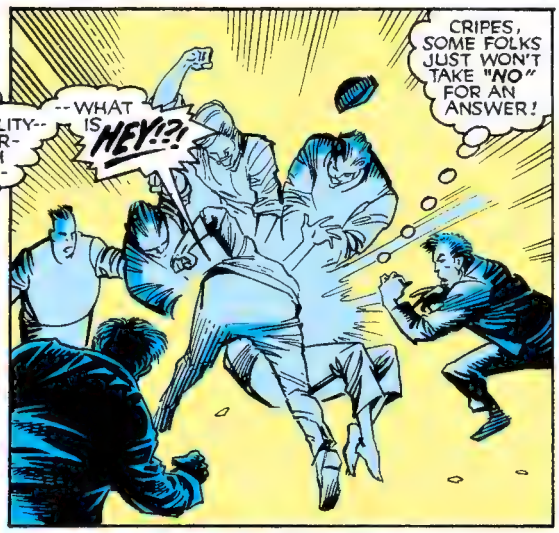
SANCTA MARIA--

--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?!?

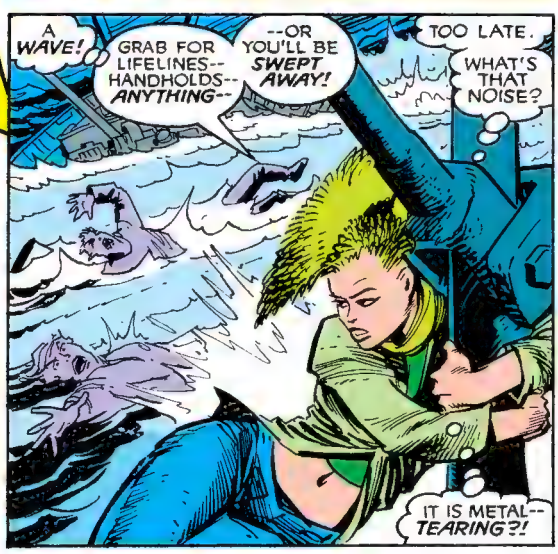

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
I'VE GROWN-- JUST LIKE IN THE SAVAGE LAND!*
HEY, IT'S OKAY, NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.
PUT DOWN THE GUN, BABY, WE'LL PARTY ALL YOU WANT.
*X-MEN #250.--Bob

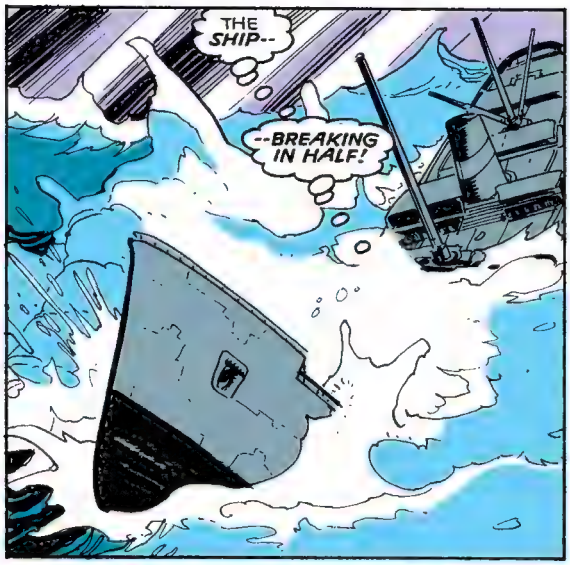

HE'S SHOOTING--
NO!
GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU FREAK!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
THE BULLETS-- THEY'RE BOUNCING OFF ME!
BUT I'M LOSING MY BALANCE, FALLING BACKWARDS!!

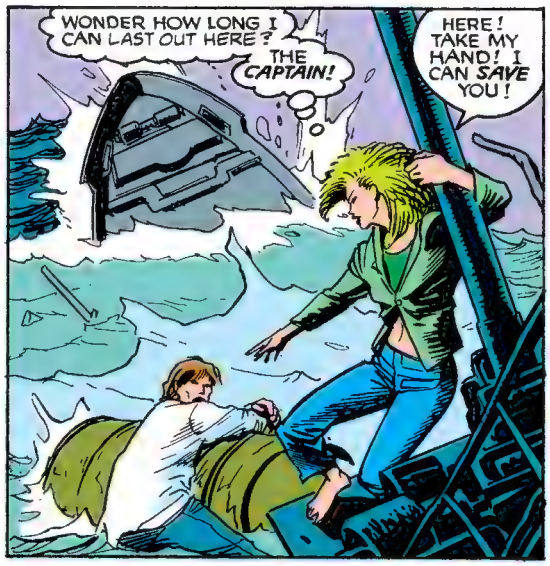

THERE SHE IS!
GET HER!
THE WALL--THAT'S WOOD PANELING OVER STEEL AND I SMASHED THROUGH LIKE IT WAS RICE PAPER.
SIZE, INVULNERABILITY-- AND SUPER-STRENGTH AS WELL--


--WHAT IS
HEY!?!
CRIPES, SOME FOLKS JUST WON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!

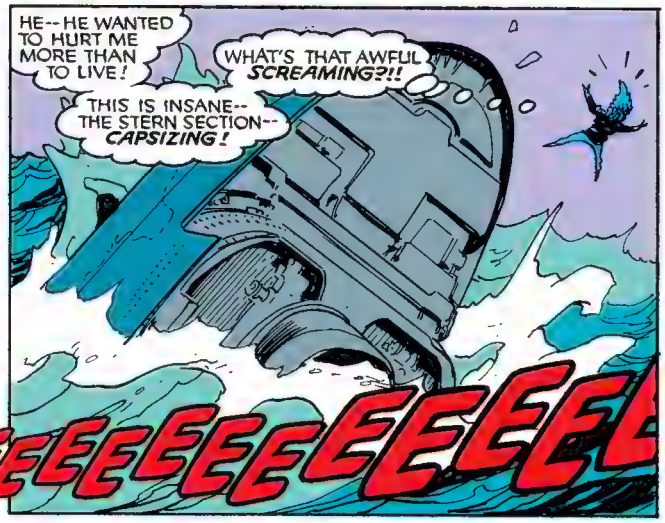
MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE THEM!
SKRAMM


A WAVE!
GRAB FOR LIFELINES-- HANDHOLDS-- ANYTHING--
--OR YOU'LL BE SWEPT AWAY!
TOO LATE.
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
IT IS METAL-- TEARING?!

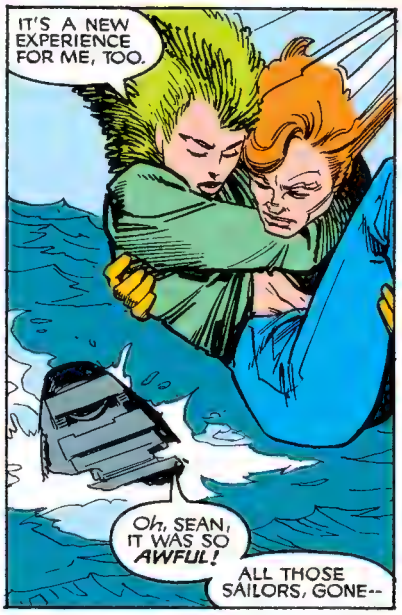

THE SHIP--
--BREAKING IN HALF!


WONDER HOW LONG I CAN LAST OUT HERE?
THE CAPTAIN!
HERE! TAKE MY HAND! I CAN SAVE YOU!

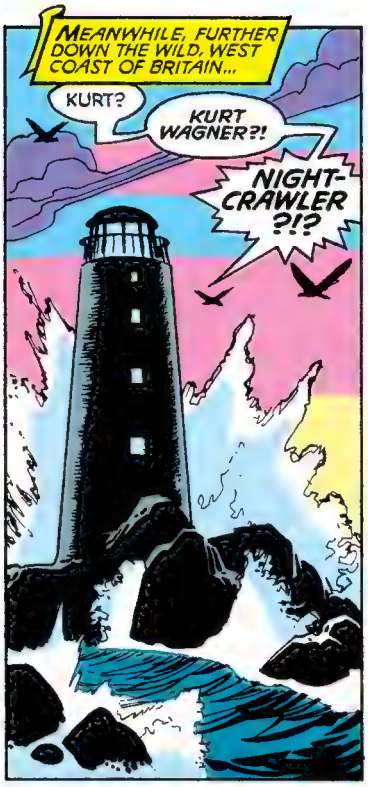
GO TO THE DEVIL, YOU WITCH!
SHAKT!

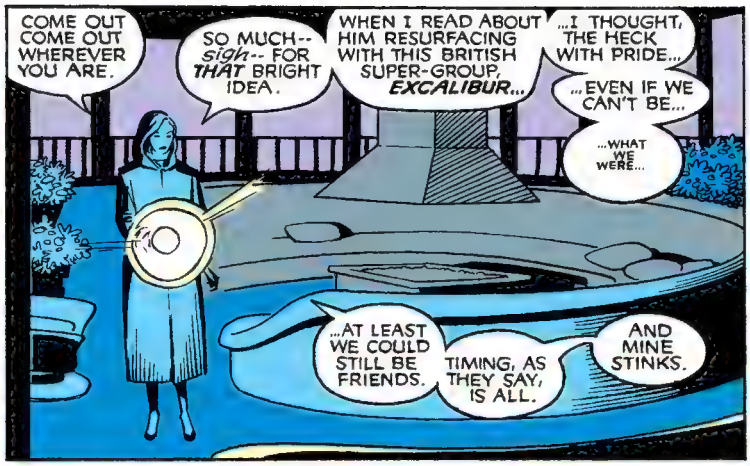

HE--HE WANTED TO HURT ME MORE THAN TO LIVE!
WHAT'S THAT AWFUL SCREAMING?!!
THIS IS INSANE--THE STERN SECTION--CAPSIZING!

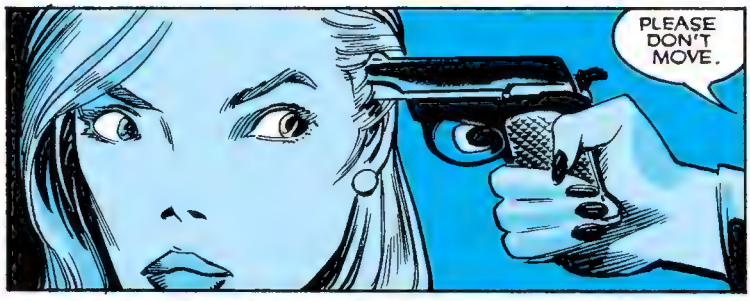
BANSHEE!
YOUR SONIC SCREAM--IT'S ALL BETTER--THAT'S WONDERFUL!
Oh, I FORGOT, YOU CAN'T TALK AND SCREAM.
I'M SORRY IF I'M A BIT, uh, BIGGER THAN YOU REMEMBER.

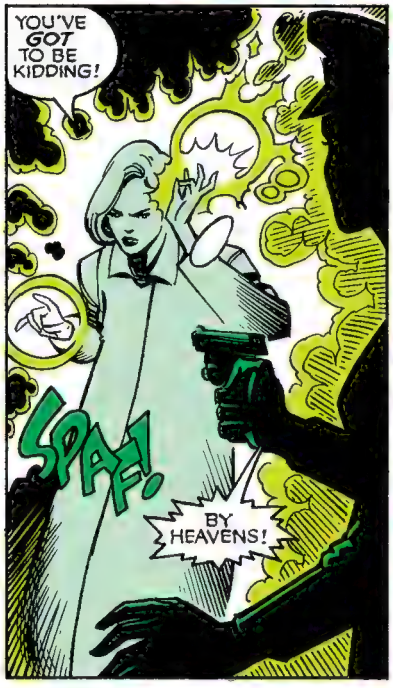

IT'S A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME, TOO.
Oh, SEAN, IT WAS SO AWFUL!
ALL THOSE SAILORS, GONE--

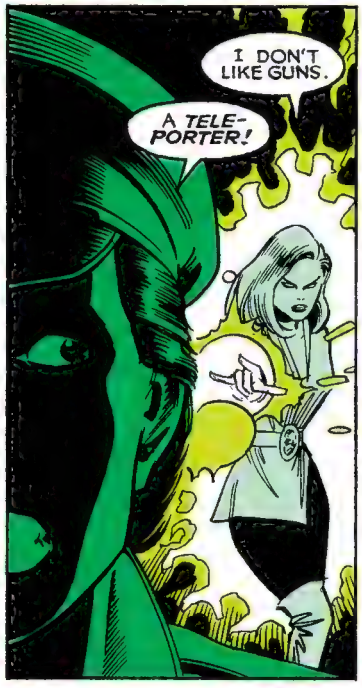
--AND I CAN'T HELP THINKING, SOMEHOW...
...IT'S MY FAULT.

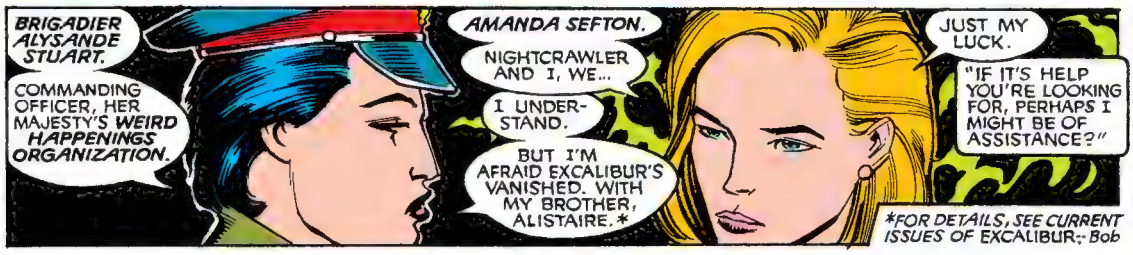




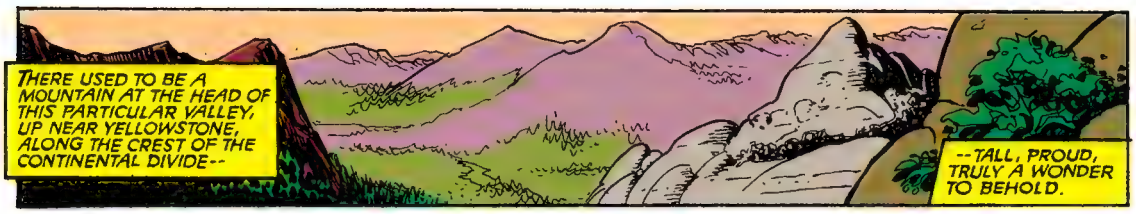


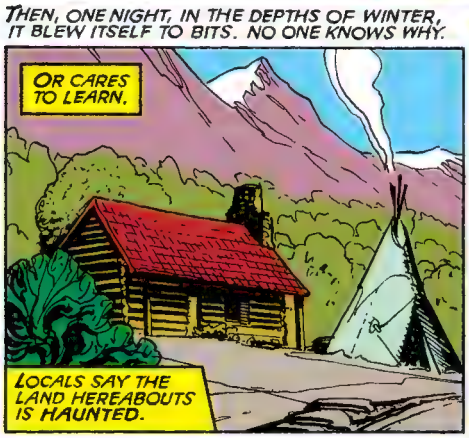


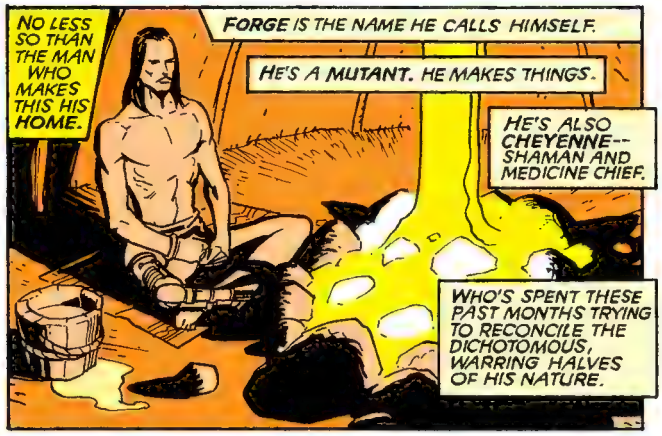




*FOR DETAILS, SEE CURRENT ISSUES OF EXCALIBUR.--Bob

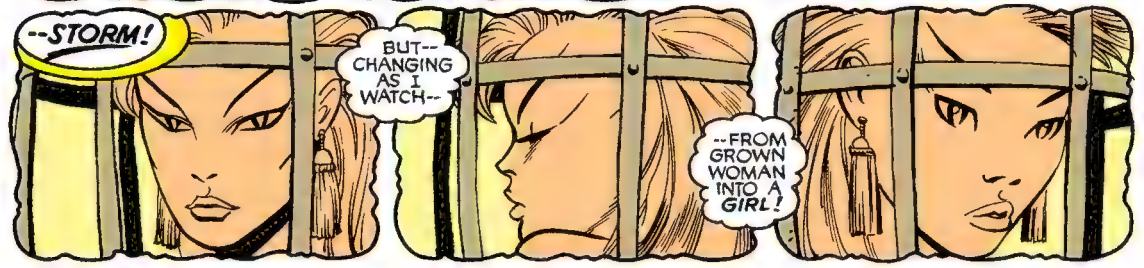

THERE USED TO BE A MOUNTAIN AT THE HEAD OF THIS PARTICULAR VALLEY, UP NEAR YELLOWSTONE, ALONG THE CREST OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE--
--TALL, PROUD, TRULY A WONDER TO BEHOLD.


THEN, ONE NIGHT, IN THE DEPTHS OF WINTER, IT BLEW ITSELF TO BITS. NO ONE KNOWS WHY.
OR CARES TO LEARN.
LOCALS SAY THE LAND HEREABOUTS IS HAUNTED.


NO LESS SO THAN THE MAN WHO MAKES THIS HIS HOME.
FORGE IS THE NAME HE CALLS HIMSELF.
HE'S A MUTANT. HE MAKES THINGS.
HE'S ALSO CHEYENNE-- SHAMAN AND MEDICINE CHIEF.
WHO'S SPENT THESE PAST MONTHS TRYING TO RECONCILE THE DICHOTOMOUS, WARRING HALVES OF HIS NATURE.

AND IS STARTING TO SUSPECT-- AS HIS SPIRIT-FORM RISES YET AGAIN FROM HIS MEDITATING BODY-- THIS IS A ROAD LEADING STRAIGHT TO MADNESS.
IF HE ISN'T ALREADY THERE.
A WILD WEST SALOON?
SALOON
WITH AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE OUT FRONT??
AS VISION QUESTS GO, THIS ONE IS CERTAINLY UNIQUE.

INTERESTING, HOW MY ASTRAL BODY REMAINS AS MAIMED AS MY REAL ONE, COMPLETE WITH BIONIC HAND AND LEG. EVEN AN ILLUSORY "ME" ISN'T WHOLE.
WELCOME, STRANGER.
CUTE. YOUR BASIC DEN OF INIQUITY.
WHY DO I HAVE THE FEELING I'M EXPECTED?
I AM AMAHL FAROUK.
I AM MASTER. HERE.
DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT-- WAIT!
IN THE CAGE-- IT CAN'T BE--


--STORM!
BUT-- CHANGING AS I WATCH--
--FROM GROWN WOMAN INTO A GIRL!

BULLPEN BULLETINS

Quote of the Month

"Heaven is all booked up so they sent me to Treasure Island instead!"

– Remo Williams
The Destroyer #1

Stan's Soapbox

You'd never guess where I am! In fact, don't even bother trying—I'll tell you. These weighty words are being pounded out on an old fashioned typewriter in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia!

I'm here in a beautiful hotel on the Adriatic Sea because it finally happened! No, I don't mean Marvel finally sent me into exile! This is even better—production has just started on our big, new Captain America feature film!

That's right! There's an entire film crew here in the mighty mountains of Yugoslavia, shooting some of the most exciting action sequences you've ever seen! Then, after these scenes are completed, the entire production staff will move to other locations throughout the world in our unceasing effort to bring you a movie that'll do the ol' shield-slinger proud!

The film is being produced by 21st Century Film Corporation and directed by Albert Pyun, one of the most talented young directors to come down the pike. Hawaiian-born Albert has been a Captain America fan for as long as he can remember and he's determined that this production will do our red, white and blue hero proud.

Starring as Cap is handsome, young and rugged Matt Salinger, who has starred in many stage productions. Not only is he a two-fisted hero type, but the guy can also act! You'll also find such popular favorites as Ned Beatty, Ronnie Cox, Darren McGavin and Scott Paulin in the cast. Scott plays the reprehensible Red Skull, and you should see the make-up that was created for the role. It's really something else!

As for the stunts, many of them will take your breath away! I don't want to describe any now cause it'll spoil the surprises, but those of you who like your action fast and furious will be in superhero heaven!

But don't get the wrong idea. Our off-beat new Captain America spectacular isn't merely a mindless rock 'em sock 'em oater. No way! This one's got a real story to it with suspense, sensitivity and carefully crafted characterization. You'll see the startling origin of the Red Skull as well as the origin of Cap himself. Then, as the scene shifts from the past to the present, you'll be swept away in a surge of dazzling drama as you follow the gut-wrenching metamorphosis of America's great sentinel of liberty from his dazed awakening in a world he never made to his single-handed battle to save civilization from the terrifying scourge of the Red Skull's deadliest threat!

Well, that's about all I can tell you for now. The shooting's just started and I'm off once again to put my own two-cents worth into things. I'll bring you another progress report next month (as if anyone could stop me!). So remember, wherever you go, whatever you do, think Marvel! Cap would want it that way!

Excelsior!

Or as we say in Yugoslavia . . .

Zivelil

Stan Lee

ITEM: Editor *Howard* (wacky) *Mackie* seems to be busting his buttons with pride lately. Could it be the success of the recently launched QUASAR comic, starring the Cosmic Avenger? Or perhaps he's all excited about the humongous Avengers crossover coming this fall called "Acts of Vengeance"? Nah, the real reason for Howard's unbounded joy is that the big goof became a daddy! On May 7, 1989 his wife, *Deborah Highley*, gave birth to *Samantha Highley Mackie*. Congratulations to the proud parents!

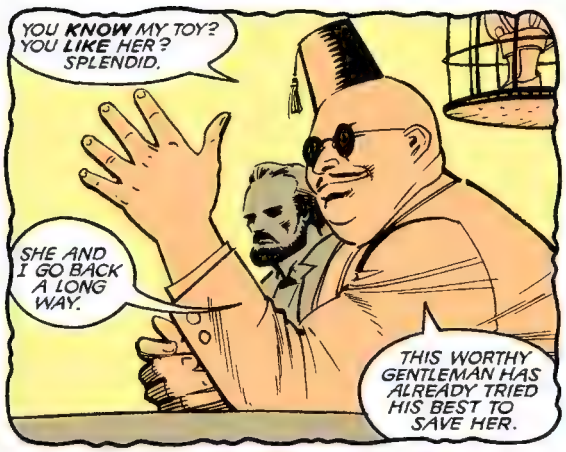
ITEM: Attention shoppers! Seems there was a goof that ran in the AMERICAN COMICS ad on page 28 of the Marvel comics that had a July cover date (X-MEN #246, for example). The Advanced Dungeons and Dragons Player's Handbook (Second Edition) was priced incorrectly at $9.95 instead of $16.95. The fine folks at AMERICAN COMICS said they will honor all orders at the lower price. Also, the X-MEN Nintendo game has been delayed by the manufacturer until September. Please understand that these problems were unintentional and were due to last-minute product changes conflicting with printers' schedules. It only goes to show, even our advertisers are confused!

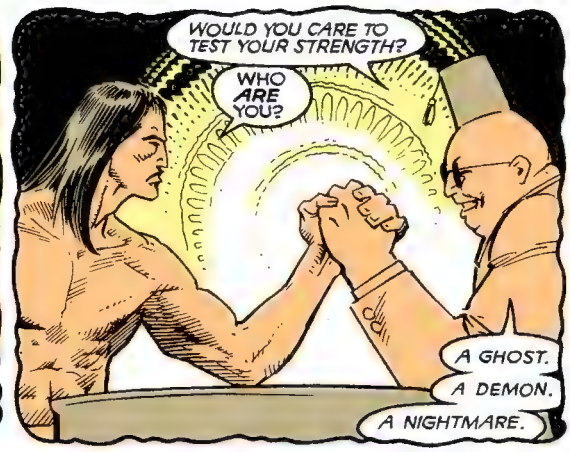
ITEM: Avid soap opera buff, fearless *Fred Hembeck*, reports that Ryan's Hope's *Joe Novak*, when asked by his wife to name his favorite book, confessed "old Spider-Man comics." Too bad he was blown to bits later in the same episode.

PRO FILE: D.G. Chichester

Editor/Assistant Editor on: All my sound and film projects at New York University.
Marvel freelance credits (past): DEFENDERS OF THE EARTH, *Archie Goodwin's* version of JUSTICE, SOLO AVENGERS, WEST COAST AVENGERS (featuring their greatest battle ever against the Defiler!), POWER LINE, DOCTOR ZERO and SAINT GEORGE
Marvel freelance credits (present): CRITICAL MASS, assorted and sordid issues of SHIELD, THE DEFILER and AL D'AMATO graphic novels
My place of birth is: Different, depending on the set of I.D. that I'm using
People who knew me in high school thought I was: Going to perform experiments on their family pets.
My hobbies are: Phoning in my friends' names to "America's Most Wanted."
My pet peeves are: Oreo and Gabe, the spastic Dalmation.
My favorite performers are: James "The Amazing Randi" Randi, Jesse "The Body" Ventura, and anyone else with quotation marks between their first and last names.
The last good book I read was: *Dictionary of Demons* by Fred Gettings
The last good movie I saw was: Later stolen from the video store I had earlier rented it from.

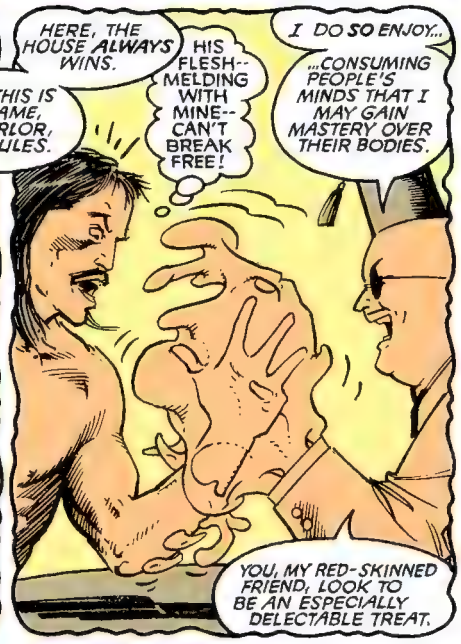
If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like to see my part played by: Dick York, William Shatner, or Vincent Price
My oddest habit is: Using the word "nebulous" in a sarcastic way
My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: Being crowned "One of the two meanest persons in the world."
The reason I got into comics was: Because I wanted to buy a pizza, and so I could use the word "nebulous" a lot.
The biggest influences on my work include: Rod Serling, Clint Eastwood and Wile E. Coyote
The single work of which I am most proud is: Waiting for a pre-determined amount of radioactive isotope to make it fully operational
My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: Subject to incarceration in the 48 continental United States
The worst part of my job is: Only truly describable to drunken Merchant Marines
When nobody's looking I like to: Quickly unplug their VCRs and then plug them back in so they blink "12:00."
The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: Twenty-one minutes into the "Twilight Zone" episode, "Walking Distance"

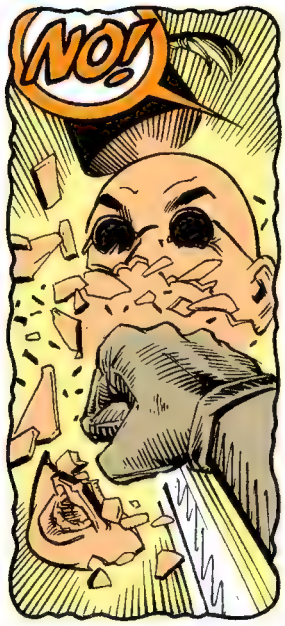

YOU KNOW MY TOY? YOU LIKE HER? SPLENDID.
SHE AND I GO BACK A LONG WAY.
THIS WORTHY GENTLEMAN HAS ALREADY TRIED HIS BEST TO SAVE HER.


WOULD YOU CARE TO TEST YOUR STRENGTH?
WHO ARE YOU?
A GHOST.
A DEMON.
A NIGHTMARE.

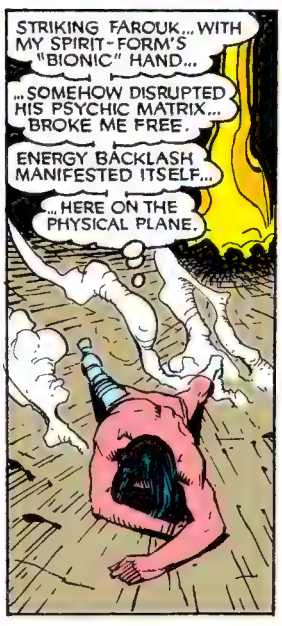
WHOSE FONDEST DESIRE IS TO ONCE MORE...
... BE A MAN.
NOT TODAY.

AND NOT OVER MY DEAD BODY.
Ahhh-- SUCH HEROIC SENTIMENTS, I LIKE THAT--
--BUT THIS IS MY GAME, MY PARLOR, MY RULES.

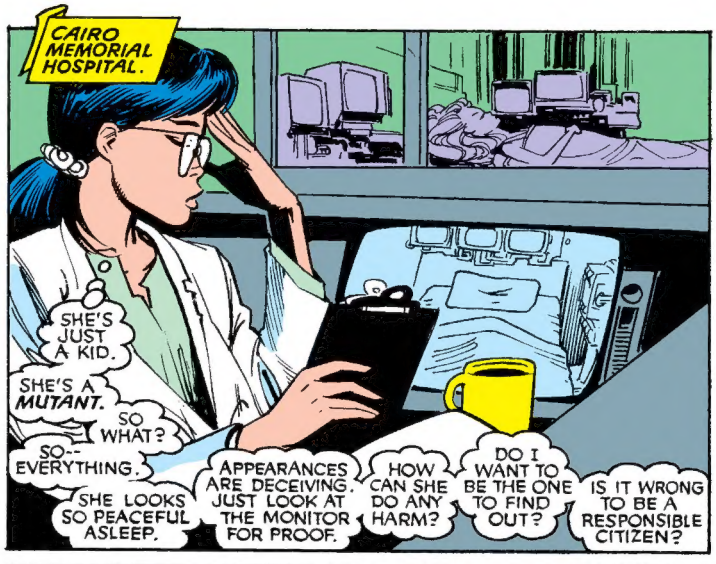

HERE, THE HOUSE ALWAYS WINS.
HIS FLESH-- MELDING WITH MINE-- CAN'T BREAK FREE!
I DO SO ENJOY...
...CONSUMING PEOPLE'S MINDS THAT I MAY GAIN MASTERY OVER THEIR BODIES.
YOU, MY RED-SKINNED FRIEND, LOOK TO BE AN ESPECIALLY DELECTABLE TREAT.


NO!

FLAM!


STRIKING FAROUK... WITH MY SPIRIT-FORM'S "BIONIC" HAND...
...SOMEHOW DISRUPTED HIS PSYCHIC MATRIX... BROKE ME FREE.
ENERGY BACKLASH MANIFESTED ITSELF...
...HERE ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE.

LUCKIER THAN I DESERVE.
HAND'S RUINED, BUT THAT'S EASILY FIXED.
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT SOMEHOW-- I KNOW--
--STORM'S ALIVE!
AND IN DEADLY DANGER!


CAIRO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.
SHE'S JUST A KID.
SHE'S A MUTANT.
SO WHAT?
SO-- EVERYTHING.
SHE LOOKS SO PEACEFUL ASLEEP.
APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING. JUST LOOK AT THE MONITOR FOR PROOF.
HOW CAN SHE DO ANY HARM?
DO I WANT TO BE THE ONE TO FIND OUT?
IS IT WRONG TO BE A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN?

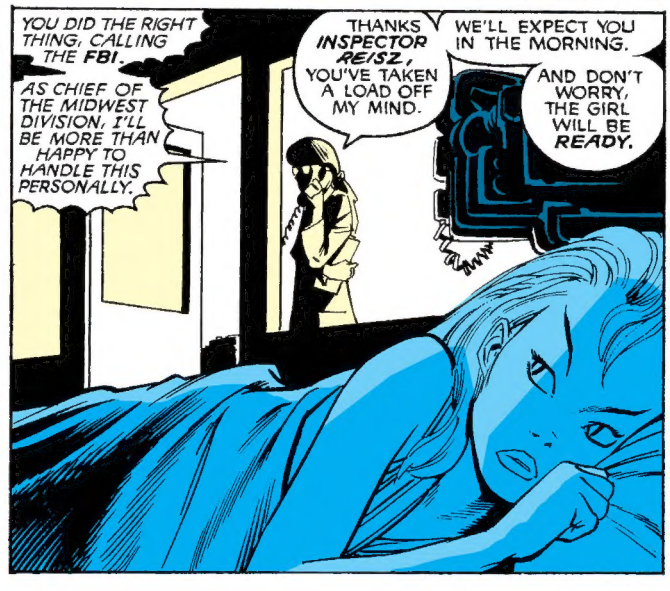
IS THIS BEING "RESPONSIBLE"?
BIP BIP BAP BIP

BRINNNG

BRINNNG

BRINNNG

REISZ HERE.
DR. SHEN? THAT GIRL I SENT IN YESTERDAY? SHE'S A WHAT??
NO, NO, DOCTOR. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE UPSET ABOUT.


YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, CALLING THE FBI.
AS CHIEF OF THE MIDWEST DIVISION, I'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO HANDLE THIS PERSONALLY.
THANKS INSPECTOR REISZ, YOU'VE TAKEN A LOAD OFF MY MIND.
WE'LL EXPECT YOU IN THE MORNING.
AND DON'T WORRY, THE GIRL WILL BE READY.

AUSTRALIA.

AFTER EVALUATING ALL THE POSSIBLE ESCAPE AND EVASION SCENARIOS...

I BET THAT WASN'T THE ONLY THING BEING "EVALUATED."

LADY DEE'S WEARIN' THE BOSS BOY'S CLOAK!

TRY A LITTLE LOUDER, SPIT-FOR-BRAINS, I DON'T THINK HE QUITE HEARD YOU.

LADY DEE SURE DID. BETTER WATCH YOUR BUTT, COLE.

...WE'VE DETERMINED THAT WOLVERINE'S MOST PROBABLE DESTINATION...

IS THE *GRAVE*-- *HAWHRRR!*

OR HADES, WHICHEVER IS NASTIER.

...IS *MUIR ISLE*...

...OFF THE NORTH COAST OF SCOTLAND.

RATHER A LONG WAY TO GO, I ADMIT...

...BUT THE *MUTANT RESEARCH CENTER* THERE WAS ESTABLISHED BY *CHARLES XAVIER* HIMSELF-- THE FOUNDER OF THE X-MEN-- AS AN ADJUNCT TO HIS NOW-DESTROYED *SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.*

IN CHARGE OF THE ISLAND ARE THE FORMER X-MAN *BANSHEE*-- MASTER OF THE *SONIC SCREAM* UNTIL HE LOST THAT POWER SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME AGO--

--AND *MOIRA MacTAGGERT,* XAVIER'S COLLEAGUE IN MUTANT RESEARCH AND CURRENTLY, I BELIEVE, BANSHEE'S SWEETHEART.

HE MAY BE CRIPPLED, AND SHE AN ORDINARY HUMAN, BUT TOGETHER THEY FORM A MOST FORMIDABLE POTENTIAL THREAT TO OUR AMBITIONS. WHICH MEANS THE SOONER THEY ARE ELIMINATED, THE BETTER.

BANSHEE

MOIRA

I WANT THE ISLAND LEVELED, THE RESEARCH CENTER DESTROYED, EVERY MUTANT FOUND THERE SLAUGHTERED. BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY OF ALL...

... I WANT THOSE TWO *KILLED.*

TO BE CONTINUED-- IN 2 WEEKS!

BOB HARRAS: editor — DARYL EDELMAN: assistant editor

X-MAIL

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP—
387 Park Avenue South—New York, New York—10016

Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Bob,
Re: X-MEN #247

No! No! No!

MINUTEMEN
Bluntman